National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE SUPREME COURT TO BE HUNG.

From The New York Observer.

CHEEVER *cursed* the Court from his pulpit and then declared the Chief Justice *insane*. This was great inconsistency, for if the Judge was deranged, he ought to be cured, not cursed.

Another Daniel has come to judgment in the person of a late member of Congress from this State, more distinguished for dollars than sense, who writes a letter reaching this conclusion:

"Had we a government worthy of the name of government, it would much sooner think of hanging Chief Justice Taney and his associates, than of hanging those who refuse to submit to their devilisms.

"With great regard, your friend, GERRIT SMITH."

There is therefore a great discrepancy of opinion between the curser and the writer of this letter. Cheever pronounces the Chief Justice *insane;* Smith thinks a good government would hang the Judge for his opinion, in preference to hanging traitors and rebels. Now, if Cheever's testimony is true, the Chief Justice ought not to be hanged! Surely insanity is as good a plea in behalf of a judge as a murderer. The lawyers in this city tried hard to get a man acquitted of the crime of forgery, on the score of his being insane in the matter of "making paper." One doctor of medicine declared Huntington morally insane. One doctor of divinity has declared the Supreme Court morally insane. The jury did not believe the medical man: the people do not believe the divine. So the forger was sent to prison, and if the sentence of Smith is inflicted, the Chief Justice and his associates must be hung.

The ravings of such men as Cheever and Smith would be fearful, if they were not foolish. Folly does not make their wickedness less, but it weakens their power of evil; and we do not apprehend that the sober judgment of the American people will be perverted by the charge of insanity hurled from the pulpit or by the proposal of an ex-member of Congress to hang the Judges.

The time was, and we trust it is not gone by, when *freedom of opinion* was regarded as one of the birthrights of American citizens. Our religious and our civil institutions respect and secure the right of every man to think for himself, and to express his opinions in a proper time and manner without being in danger of persecution on that account. But there is no class of men so intolerant of the opinions of others, as these self-appointed advocates of universal freedom. We would like to know if men in judicial station have not as good a right to their *opinions*, and to express them, as private citizens. And if they are bound by an oath to give their judgment according to the law and the Constitution, is it not their privilege to pronounce that deliberate and solemn judgment, without being assailed by the Cheevers as "maniacs," or condemned by the Smiths to the gallows.

This persecution for opinion's sake is a revival of the days of racks, and thumb-screws, and faggots, and inquisitions. The Puritans sought a country where they could exercise the right of private judgment, and mold their own opinions without being dragooned or denounced from the altar. But a son of the Puritans, in a church of the Puritans, in the year of our Lord 1857, stands up at the altar and CURSES the Supreme Court of the United States for their OPINIONS. In the phrensy of his intolerance he pronounces the Court insane, and the opinion they have rendered of no more worth than the opinion of maniacs. And then a famous non-resistant orator arises and says if we had a government worthy of the name of a government it would hang these seven audacious judges sooner than it would hang rebels! But this preacher and this orator, Cheever and Smith, profess to love liberty and to believe in free speech! And they would shut the mouths of the judges by sending them to an insane asylum, or hang them by the neck, because they have complied with their oath of office, and given their individual opinion on a constitutional question! It is well for liberty of conscience and freedom of opinion, that the Cheevers and Gerrit Smiths are few in our day. If there were enough of them to get *power*, they would establish an inquisition and plant gibbets in the streets, and while the gutters ran blood, the cry of oppressed humanity would go up as it did in France, "*O liberty, what crimes are enacted in thy name!*"

But these are not the representative men of our age. They are wild with a fanaticism of liberty: slaves to an *idea*, that defies God, and the Bible, and the Constitution, and the rights of conscience. They are not deranged in intellect, but "madness is in their heart."

Against their ravings we raise a voice of remonstrance, feeble and ineffectual as it may be. Living under a Constitution, the wisest and best ever framed by the will of man, under a government that secures a greater amount of happiness and usefulness to the citizens than any other, holding to the Bible with the precept and example of that glorious God-man as our guide who inculcated submission even to a despotism that gave unlimited power to man over his fellow-man, we desire to cherish and promote respect for the laws under which we live; and we would enter a solemn protest against that spirit of turbulent violence which curses when it cannot strike, and sheltered behind a pulpit stirs a maddened populace to treason.

PROTESTANT TREASON.

From The New York Observer.

THE *Freeman's Journal*, the Roman Catholic paper, is making a great outcry against the Protestant pulpit, as if it were represented by the disgraceful exhibitions recently made in Brooklyn and this city, by a couple of Congregational preachers. The *Journal* says:

"Sermons against the United States Government have become now a staple production of the Protestant pulpit. Very likely that the best minds, and the men of the most upright characters among the sects, sincerely regret this, and would remedy it if they could. But they cannot; the antagonism between the institutions of the country, and the negative religion, Protestantism, is real and fundamental, and this exhibition of it does not proceed from the accidental personal dispositions of the preachers."

It is not true that "sermons against the United States Government have become a staple production of the Protestant pulpit." So far is it from being true, that we venture to say not two preachers out of a thousand in this country, have delivered such discourses, the present season. Instead of treason being a *staple* production, there is so little of it, that the general unity of sentiment with which the form of government, and the principles of the Constitution are upheld by the pulpit, is to be remarked with grateful recognition, rather than that the occasional and unseemly exceptions should be paraded as examples of a style of preaching prevailing at the present time. We deny the *Journal's* charge as false and calumnious, as made against the Protestant pulpit. The same paper continues:

"The two forces are obliged to join issue, whether such characters as the *Cheevers* and *Beechers* had ever lived or not. Seeing this quite plainly, we are not at all reluctant to witness the outbreak of excited and frothy declamation, in various directions."

This is directly to the point. This singling out the two men whose "frothy declamation" has given occasion to the *Journal* to make this attack upon Protestantism. But will an honourable man pretend that the "*Cheevers* and *Beechers*" are the representative men of Protestantism? Is the great bulk of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal or Baptist Churches to be made responsible for the madness or folly of men who do not belong to any of them? Men, too, who have no more sympathy with the sound and stable preachers of these Churches than they have with Roman Catholics? But while we thus repudiate these men as representatives, we are not insensible to the mischief they are doing. We feel, with the *Freeman's Journal*, that the *Protestant* religion would soon go down, and wild infidelity, like that of France in her days of blood, if the doctrines of the "Cheever and Beecher" school were to be the *staple* doctrines of our Churches. Hence, we do not wonder that a Romish journal should urge these men to still greater displays of themselves. It says:

"By all means, let this class of persons keep on at their vocation. There is no surer way to hasten the total ruin of Protestantism in the country. Push it to its extremes, let us see what it means, and what it wants. What the people do *not* want, and will not have, is sedition in churches, and treason in pulpits."

And the people will take care of this matter for themselves. They will not be led very far astray, and in due time will cure these preachers by that most terrible of all punishments to be inflicted on men aiming at notoriety, letting them alone severely.

THE KANSAS APPOINTMENTS.

Correspondence of The New York Observer.

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1857.

THE mind of Mr. Buchanan experienced considerable relief when Robert J. Walker, Esq., accepted the appointment of Governor of Kansas, or pro-consul for that Territory, which has set the whole country on fire. In itself and in ordinary circumstances the office would not be an object of regard to ex-Senator Walker, but events have made the station one of the most important in the Union.

The intellect, energy, and prestige of a Pitt would be tasked to restore order there, and develope, on peaceful principles, the resources of that Territory. Men of various capacities have failed utterly. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Walker will succeed. He is not a man of the physical strength, stature, and muscular developments of Gov. Geary, nor is he as young. He has often been in delicate health, and his family dreaded his acceptance of so perilous a trust. But a strong appeal was made to him—duty to the country seemed imperative, and a great achievement might be before him. What so important as the pacification of Kansas at this crisis of our country's affairs? Mr. Walker is a man of vigorous intellect, of a logical mind, and of good administrative abilities. He is not only comprehensive in his view, but patient over details.

If not too much of a dyspeptic to keep his temper among those provoking adventurers in Kansas, he will probably succeed in reëstablishing law, and putting the machinery of government into normal motion. It augurs well that he so heartily invokes the aid of an "over-ruling Providence" in commencing his arduous work, for God only can extricate us from the deep difficulties into which we have fallen. Mr. W. has good habits, and if the people are not suited with his kind manners, and sincere endeavours to benefit them, they deserve to be subjected to a military despotism. Hon. F. P. Stanton, his assistant, formerly a member of Congress from Tennessee, is younger, of commanding presence, and firm courage. Two more appropriate men could not probably be selected, and our prayers should go with them, that their labours may be crowned with success. The peace of the Union may depend on the result of their efforts, and the Christian will deeply ponder that in Job 34: 29, as applicable to us.

Selections.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

REPORT OF THE JOINT LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

IN ASSEMBLY....April 9, 1857.

MR FOOT, in the Assembly, and Mr. Madden, in the Senate, presented to-day the Report of the Joint Committee of the Senate and Assembly under the joint resolution respecting the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Dred Scott, as follows:

The Joint Committee of the Senate and Assembly appointed to consider and report what measures, if any, the Legislature of this State ought to adopt to protect the constitutional rights of her citizens against the serious and alarming doctrines of the Supreme Court of the United States in the decision of the case of Dred Scott, respectfully

REPORT:

That they entered upon the discharge of their duty under a deep sense of the importance of the subject committed to their consideration. They could not fail to see, that the sovereignty of our State, the constitutional rights of her citizens, the protection of the free labour, her great commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests, her extensive educational system, and the morals of her citizens, were all assailed and put in jeopardy by the unconstitutional, sectional and pro-slavery doctrines announced by the majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States in the decision of the case mentioned; for those doctrines will bring slavery within our borders, against our will, with all its unhallowed, demoralizing and blighting influences.

You Committee have not been able to obtain authenticated copies of the opinions of the five pro-slavery Judges, who formed a majority of the Court and proclaimed the unconstitutional doctrines which have so justly alarmed the people of this State. They have, however, abundant evidence of their contents and of the principles they announce.

There was only one question before the Court for adjudication, and that was, whether Dred Scott was a citizen of the United States. No Judge of the Court had a right, and far less was it his duty, to discuss, decide, or even express an opinion on any other question or subject. Not only judicial decorum, but numerous decisions of that very Court, forbade him to express opinions on any question beside the one directly before him. Yet the five pro-slavery Judges, disregarding official decorum, and established precedents, after deciding the case before them, proceeded to discuss and express opinions on five other constitutional questions of vital importance to the free States of this Union.

First: They express the opinion that if a master brings his slave into a free State for a temporary sojourn, the slave does not become free. This is in direct contradiction to a cherished principle of the common law, that when a slave places his foot on free soil, he becomes a freeman—a principle dear to the heart of every enlightened citizen of the free States of our Union; and a principle which has been recognised by the Courts of all those States, by the Courts of most of the slave States, and by the Supreme Court of the United States itself.

Second: They express the opinion that the Ordinance of 1787—the Magna Charta of Freedom in all the States formed out of the Territory north-west of the Ohio—is inoperative and void—an opinion which astonishes the intelligence of the country, and is in direct opposition to the action of the General and State Governments, from their institution.

Third: They declare that the Act of Congress admitting the State of Missouri into the Union, known as the Missouri Compromise, was unconstitutional and void; and thereby give the sanction of their names and of the Court, to the unmitigated breach of plighted national faith accomplished by the repeal of that act.

Fourth: They discuss and express the opinion that the clause in the Constitution of the United States which declares that "the Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," only applies to the territory which belonged to the United States when the Constitution was adopted and confers no authority on Congress to pass laws regulating the Territories acquired since; and thus they deny to Congress the power to exclude slavery from them or to authorize a Territorial Government to exclude it; while every well informed person in the country knows that every Territory which the United States has acquired since the adoption of the Constitution has been governed by the laws of Congress. The power of Congress over those Territories, and the authority to prohibit slavery in them, has never been doubted or questioned, till the promulgation of the opinions of the majority of the Court in this case of Dred Scott.

Fifth: They declare it to be their opinion that slavery is not a local institution. They hold that it is not confined to the limits of the State, by the laws of which it is created, but may be carried beyond them, and into the Territories of the United States. This opinion is in direct opposition to at least three solemn decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and to the decisions of the Courts of all the free States, and to the decisions of the Courts of most, if not all, of the slave States of our Union. It is contrary to one of the fundamental principles of the common law, viz: that every man has an inalienable right to his liberty, and that it can only be taken from him by a statute of the State in which he lives; and every tyro in the profession of the law knows that the statute of a State has no force beyond its limits.

It follows as a direct consequence of this doctrine that a master may take his slave into a free State without dissolving the relation of master and slave; and your Committee cannot but be alarmed and shocked at the apprehension that some future decision of the pro-slavery majority of the Supreme Court will authorize a slave-driver, as threatened by the devotees of slavery, to call the roll of his manacled gang at the foot of the monument on Bunker Hill, reared and consecrated to freedom.

The proposition which the majority of the Court laid down in deciding the question legitimately before them—viz., that no man of the African race, descended however remotely from a slave, is a citizen of the United States though born a freeman, and his ancestors for many generations before him also freemen, and though ninety-nine parts out of one hundred of the blood which runs in his veins is Anglo-Saxon, and his skin whiter, his heart purer, and his head clearer than those of the Judge who outlaws him, and though his father may have fallen in the battle of New Orleans, on the glorious eighth of January, at the call of our Jackson, or his grandfather served with honour, or died in battle under our Washington, is a violation of the sacred principles announced in our Declaration of Independence, hostile to the spirit of our institutions and the age in which we live, a departure from the liberal doctrines of the common law, and opposed to the weight of judicial authority in this country and England.

Your Committee have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this decision is erroneous and ought to be overruled; that they believe it will be overruled as soon as the free States have their just representation on the bench of that Court.

The attention of your Committee was arrested by a proposition, stated by Chief Justice Taney in the opinion he delivered, as the organ of a majority of the Court, in the following words: "*They* (the coloured race) *had no rights which white men were bound to respect.*" Your Committee cannot forbear to characterize this proposition as *inhuman, unchristian, atrocious*—disgraceful to the Judge who uttered it, and to the tribunal which sanctioned it.

The most censurable part of the conduct of these five pro-slavery Judges yet remains to be stated, and it is this: The five constitutional questions above stated, which were not involved in the point before the Court for decision, and upon which, in violation of judicial decorum and established precedents, they volunteered opinions, have, within the last two years, become political and party questions, have divided the two great political parties of the country; and that division, unfortunately, has assumed a sectional character. These five Judges are all located in the pro-slavery section, and identified with the pro-slavery party. Under such circumstances, if true manly delicacy did not, a decent respect for the feelings and opinions of the friends of free institutions, should have restrained them from uttering a single word, not necessary to the decision of the question before them. Yet how widely different was their conduct! They volunteered against decorum and precedent, to identify themselves and our great National Court with a sectional party, and to bring down the high tribunal from the lofty place it has hitherto filled in the reverential respect of the nation, to the arena of party and sectional strife. They have destroyed the confidence of the people in the Court, by stamping upon it a black mark of sectional partisanship. They have, moreover, placed themselves and the Court they control, in the front rank of pro-slavery propagandism, and offensive aggression upon the rights of the free States.

Your Committee cannot omit to notice in this connection the *time* selected by these five Judges for taking ground officially, with the pro-slavery party of the country. That time was strikingly propitious to protect them from impeachment and accomplish their purpose. A new pro-slavery, sectional Administration was just being inaugurated, and consequently had the whole patronage of the Federal Government to aid in screening these partisan Judges from merited punishment and produce acquiescence in their ultra pro-slavery, unconstitutional doctrines. The fate of Kansas, too, was then impending, and these doctrines, if carried out, would consign her to the deadly embrace of slavery. Your Committee reluctantly admit the thought that the national ermine was used to cover and effect such an unhallowed purpose; but they have seen too many evidences of the desperate acts to which pro-slavery fanaticism leads men subject to its influence to lay aside the fearful apprehension that our National Court has been brought under its dominion.

The Supreme Court of the United States was established by our forefathers to secure a fair and enlightened exposition of the Constitution, and an independent and impartial adjudication of constitutional questions, and thereby preserve the rights of the several States and the citizens thereof. The influence and power of the Court having now been marshalled on the side of pro-slavery propagandism, and against the rights of the citizens of the free States, it no longer accomplishes the purposes of the institution. The safety and peace of the nation require its reorganization, so as to admit into it a fair and equal representation from the free States, according to the ratio of population between the free and slave States, which can and ought promptly to be done by act of Congress. Until this measure is accomplished, it is manifestly the duty of this State to take and maintain a firm stand against the encroachments of slavery, and keep this direful evil out of her borders.

To this end, your Committee announce and recommend the adoption of the proposition that slavery shall never pollute the free soil of the Empire State, let the consequences be what they may; and in making this declaration we place the Empire State on the Republican doctrines of 1798, known as the "Virginia Resolutions," which were acquiesced in by the great Republican party of that day, and are in the following words:

Resolved, That this Assembly doth explicitly and peremptorily declare that it views the powers of the Federal Government as resulting from the compact, to which the States are parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting that compact; as no further valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in that compact: and that in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by the said compact, the States, who are the parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them.

To carry into effect this proposition, your Committee recommend the adoption of the resolutions herewith presented, and the passage of an act entitled "An act to secure Freedom to all persons within this State," herewith also presented.

SAMUEL A. FOOT, M. LINDLEY LEE, JOHN H. WOOSTER, EDWARD M. MADDEN, JOHN T. HOGEBOOM, HENRY W. BECKWITH.

Albany, April 9, 1857.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That this State will not allow slavery within her borders, in any form, or under any pretence, or for any time, however short, let the consequences be what they may.

Resolved, That the Supreme Court of the United States, by reason of a majority of the Judges thereof having identified it with a sectional and aggressive party, has lost the confidence and respect of the people of this State.

Resolved, That the Governor of this State be, and he hereby is, respectfully requested to transmit a copy of this report, the law above mentioned, and these resolutions, to the respective Governors of the States of this Union.

AN ACT TO SECURE FREEDOM TO ALL PERSONS WITHIN THIS STATE.

The People of the State of New York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Neither descent, near nor remote, from an African, whether such African is or may have been a slave or not; nor colour of skin, shall disqualify any person from being, or prevent any person from becoming a citizen of this State; nor deprive such person of the rights and privileges of a citizen thereof.

SEC. 2. Every slave who shall come, or be brought, or be, in this State, with the consent of his or her master or mistress, or who shall come or be brought, or be involuntarily in this State, shall be free.

SEC. 3. Every person who shall hold, or attempt to hold, in this State, in slavery, or as a slave, any person mentioned as a slave in the second section of this act, or any free person of colour, in any form, or under any pretense, or for any time, however short, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and, on conviction thereof, shall be confined in the State Prison at hard labour for a term not less than two nor more than ten years.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

ALBANY, Thursday, April 9, 1857.

I send you a copy of the report and resolutions of the Joint Committee appointed to consider the decision in the Dred Scott case; also, the bill reported by the Committee, and introduced into the Assembly this morning by Judge Foot and to the Senate by Mr. Madden. The report and resolutions are very well; but the proposed law, it seems to me, fetches up the rear rather limpingly, and does not by any means imply that the leaders of the Republican party are quite prepared to throw the tea overboard. They seem over anxious to avoid passing any act which shall be pronounced unconstitutional even by such eminent expounders of that instrument as Taney and Kane. If I remember rightly, or have read history correctly, the Declaration of Independence was not regarded as strictly constitutional by the authorities who then assumed to make and expound laws for the Colonies, and the Slave Oligarchy, who now make and expound laws for the Republic, seem to have adopted the same interpretation in regard to that "string of glittering generalities" which was "the offspring of a revolutionary era." The problem to be solved would seem to be whether there is any power remaining in the nominally free States to stem the tide of slavery aggression; whether New York may make her own laws, or must accept the ready-made articles furnished by the manufacturers at Washington. How far the proposed law will go toward testing this question the public will judge for itself. To your correspondent, who is no lawyer, it seems to be nothing more than an explicit declaration of the laws of the State on the same subject as they now exist.

Why not meet the issue by enacting that all men treading the soil of New York, unaccused of crime, shall be free and entitled to the protection of their freedom, regardless of the manner in which they reach the State? That New York is not only a free State in name but in fact? We must make such an issue some time or tamely submit to be slaves ourselves. Shall we be in any better position to meet the question after another decision of the Supreme Court, taking away the rights of some other class of our citizens? Say those having very black or very red hair, or all who may have been born with pug noses, or with any physical peculiarity which the Supreme Court may deem unconstitutional. But as the Legislature is not quite ready for action of this kind, could not some additions or amendments be made to the law which would be serviceable to the cause of freedom and not open to any valid objection on the score of constitutionality? For instance, the closing of the jails and prisons of the State against those who would use them as slave-pens—declaring that no man who shall appear as the attorney of a slaveholder claiming a human chattel shall thereafter practice as an attorney in any of our State Courts—that no person who accepts the office and does the business of a slave-hunter shall thereafter be eligible to any place of profit or trust under the authority of the State, and that any person holding office under State authority who shall accept the place of slave-catcher or slave-catcher's assistant shall be deemed to have vacated his office. And then an act might be passed establishing fair rules of testimony in cases where men are claimed as merchandise, requiring that the claim be established by the positive testimony of at least three witnesses who shall be disinterested parties, instead of accepting the evidence of the claimant or his agent.

LETTER OF JUDGE SMITH OF WISCONSIN.

AN offer of a public dinner in this city to Judge Smith of Wisconsin, as a mark of respect for his official character, has given rise to the following correspondence:

To Mr. Justice Smith, of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

SIR: Desirous of availing ourselves of the opportunity afforded by your presence among us to express to you our sense of your independence and love of justice in your action on the Fugitive Slave law, we beg leave to tender to you a public banquet, at such time as may be convenient to you.

As an original question, we entertain no doubt of the accuracy of your position in that regard. We admire the courage with which, at many hazards to yourself, you avowed sentiments in the highest degree important to the cause of freedom; and we deem this a fitting occasion to avow our approval of principles sanctioned alike by the Constitution and the general sentiment of our common country.

We are, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

WM. CURTIS NOYES, DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, JOHN BIGELOW, JOHN JAY, SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, HORACE GREELEY, MOSES H. GRINNELL, HENRY C. BOWEN, E. D. MORGAN, JAMES BOWEN, J. W. EDMONDS, W. C. BRYANT, A. OAKEY HALL, ROBERT EMMETT, E. P. COWLES, R. M. BLATCHFORD, ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, SAMUEL LEEDS, WILLIAM JAY, J. A. C. GRAY.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 27, 1857.

GENTLEMEN: Your generous note, inviting me to partake of a public banquet at such time as might be convenient, was handed me about the expiration of the time prescribed for my sojourn in your city, and in the press of engagements incident to my departure it was found impossible to reply in terms fitting the occasion. Hence this delay, which I pray you to excuse.

It is needless for me to assure you of the high degree of pleasure which a festal hour with gentlemen so distinguished would afford me, nor how deeply sensible I am of an honour so unexpected and so undeserved. But it seems to me that there are obstacles in the way of indulgence which are insurmountable, and considerations which render self-denial an imperative duty. Though it might be quite safe to incur the risk of precedent from anything so humble a person as myself might do, yet it seems to me that demonstrations of popular approval for judgments rendered, however important, ought not to be encouraged.

While in particular cases they might be quite harmless, in others they might be construed as rewards for judgment, and, once established as a precedent, courts and judges might be charged with feigning their decisions with an eye to the ovation, rather than the law. Though these considerations can in no manner apply to the present case, yet a similar principle may be supposed to be involved, and I prefer to deny myself the enjoyment of the occasion so generously proffered, even at the risk of being charged with unwarrantable squeamishness. But I beg to assure you, gentlemen, that I am not the less grateful for this manifestation of your regard, nor is this expression of your approval of my official conduct, on the trying occasion referred to, the less appreciated.

In pronouncing the decision which it became my duty to make, in June, 1854, in relation to the Fugitive act of 1850, I only did my simple duty. To have done less would have been to fail in the discharge of duty. To have acted otherwise would have been to have acted impiously. For a judge to refuse to do what he believes to be right, when officially required, is as wicked and corrupt as to do what he knows to be wrong. I desire nothing, therefore, but the award of my countrymen, of duty faithfully discharged according to the dictates of conscience. With that I am content.

You are pleased to say, gentlemen, that as an original question, you entertain no doubt of the correctness of my position. I thank you most sincerely for an assurance which cannot be too highly appreciated, and, coming as it does from names so distinguished, it could not fail to fortify my conclusion, if I had had any doubt before. But you will pardon me for suggesting that if it be correct as an original question, it must be correct *ab initio ad finem*, while the Constitution remains unchanged, for it is a question of constitutional law. If correct in virtue of the prescriptions of the Constitution, how can it become erroneous while that instrument remains unaltered?

The Constitution cannot be altered by judicial power. In a case of doubtful interpretation, it is proper for courts to settle upon a construction which appears most correct, and, for the sake of uniformity and certainty, to adhere to it. But it is submitted that the liberties of our citizens are not suspended upon constitutional phrases of doubtful interpretation. On the contrary, they are so clearly defined and strictly guarded that judicial construction can neither impair nor abridge them, and every attempt to overleap the barriers of the Constitution in this behalf only serves to tumble the daring adventurers into inextricable confusion. Two memorable instances of this kind will doubtless occur to you, one in 1837 and one in 1857.

But whether the question be old or new, original or otherwise, the Supreme Court of Wisconsin supposed that the citizen had always a right to test any restraint of his liberty by the provisions of the Constitution, State and Federal, and to that end to call into exercise the appropriate instrumentalities. They also supposed that the protection of the liberties of the individual citizen was confided to the States, and not to the Federal Government. The latter can interfere only in a very few prescribed cases; and those, for the most part, auxiliary to its own jurisdiction. That sacred trust was confided to, nay, is inherent in the States, whose duty it is to guard the liberties of the citizens and protect them from all unauthorized restraint, by whomsoever imposed.

The States never relinquished the power of executing this trust, because to have done so would have been to relinquish all claim to the allegiance of their citizens; for to exact allegiance without affording protection, at least in theory, is too glaring an absurdity for despotism itself to attempt. To allow another government to prescribe the extent of their power of protection would be to allow that government to prescribe the degree of allegiance which the States might demand, and, consequently, the extent of their sovereignty. In other words, to permit another power to absolve their citizens from their allegiance to any desirable extent, and to reduce their sovereignty within any convenient limits.

Though, as we use the word, there may be a limited sovereignty, yet there can be no such thing as sovereignty to a degree, without the rightful power to protect and defend that sovereignty to that degree. All admit that the States are sovereign to the extent of their reserved powers. But what is sovereignty without the right to defend it? What sort of sovereignty is that which depends upon the will of another? To admit reserved powers in the States, and then to affirm that the Federal Government is the sole and exclusive judge of what, or whether any, powers were reserved, their kind and extent, and yet to affirm that the States are sovereign to a degree, is simply to assert that they are just as sovereign as the Federal Government shall choose to permit; that is, they play sovereign as long as their gracious Uncle shall think it safe for the little ones so to amuse themselves.

Undoubtedly the Federal Government has the right to protect and defend all the powers delegated to it by the Constitution. It possesses none other. They are all derivative. All other powers pertaining to sovereignty not so delegated are reserved to the States and the people. When the States and the people thereof delegated to the Federal Government the power of self-protection, and to execute the powers granted, they reserved all powers not granted, and of course that of protecting and defending the powers so reserved. They have the same right to protect themselves from unconstitutional encroachment upon their reserved powers, as the Federal Government has to protect its delegated powers from encroachment by the States. This power is equal in each. Were it unequal, one or the other would cease to be sovereign, and would exist only by the forbearance of the other. The reciprocal action of this equal power preserves each sovereignty within its sphere, and while it is acknowledged and respected, the harmony of the system is undisturbed; but disregarded, denied or impaired, confusion speedily, collision inevitably, and destruction ultimately must follow.

But it has been said that this is nullification—nullification of what? Can it be said that to insist upon the covenants of the Constitution is nullification? Is adherence to those rights reserved to the States and the people nullification? Is it nullification for the judicial tribunals of the country to inquire into the constitutionality of an act of the Federal Legislature? Is it nullification for a citizen of a sovereign State to appeal from the manacles of a Federal functionary to the judicial power to test the legality of their application? On the contrary, it is conservatism in its truest legitimate sense, acting within its constitutional scope by constitutional means through instrumentalities of its own recognition. Instead of attempting to nullify a law of Congress, it is only asserting the supremacy of the fundamental law limiting and prescribing the powers of that body. Instead of packing up her duds and whisking out of the Union, that she might scold the more freely, Wisconsin planted herself upon the broad platform of the Constitution, and insisted upon a strict observance of its grants and covenants. She stood upon her reserved rights and powers, and appealed to the compact of the Union for the justness of her claims; not by force—not by hostile resistance—not by tumultuous demonstration, but by precisely the same forms and instrumentalities which the Federal Government employs to execute and defend its delegated powers, viz., by due process of law, and before her regular constitutional tribunals. If this position be called nullification when assumed by a State, what shall it be called when assumed by the Federal functionaries?

But I cannot dwell on this subject. It seems to me that if the States have no right to judge of, protect or defend their reserved powers, except by permission of the Federal Government—if the latter is the sole and exclusive judge thereof, as well as of its own delegated powers—if the States have no constitutional means of self-protection or defence—then State sovereignty is a cheat; for of what avail is the name of sovereignty if it can only be exercised at the sufferance of a superior? Let it be remembered that Wisconsin proceeded according to the forms of law, at least, and standing upon what her older sisters had instructed her were her constitutional defences, she did not hesitate to interpose her sovereignty in behalf of the complaining citizen until the validity of his imprisonment should be fully tested according to the forms which the Constitution had itself recognised and made perpetual. And I do not hesitate to affirm that if the States shall improvidently relinquish, or rather abandon this power, or if it shall be wrested from them in spite of their remonstrances, then the strongholds of personal liberty are demolished, and the citizen is at the mercy of a power which he can neither limit nor control. I repeat, that if the constitutional and legal means of defending their reserved powers and the Constitutional rights of their citizens shall be denied to the States by the Federal Government, it requires not the vision of the seer to predict the alternative remedy.

One of the citizens of Wisconsin presented to the proper authority the state of his complaint, alleging that he was unlawfully restrained of his liberty. The State was bound to inquire into the cause. She was bound to protect him against all restraint, except that which was authorized by her own laws, or by laws enacted within the scope of the legislative power of the Union. If held by virtue of a law of the latter kind, the power of the State ceased; if not, the State was bound to interpose her sovereignty between her citizen and the unlawful aggressions of the Federal functionary. The question being fairly presented to the tribunal to which complaint was made, it could not be avoided without gross dereliction of duty. The Court exercised its judgment in that case precisely as in all others, and adjudicated accordingly. The Court thought the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 unauthorized by the Federal Constitution, and so declared; in consequence whereof the prisoner was discharged. And can you believe it, gentlemen, almost three years have elapsed and the Union is not dissolved!

This, gentlemen, is the head and front of Wisconsin's offending, and I am bound to admit that I see no immediate prospect of her behaving better.

It is not for me to defend the several decisions made by the Court and Judges in the matter to which reference is made. They are placed upon the records of the State, have become a part of its history, to abide the impartial judgment of posterity. By those decisions, though the relation of master and servant is recognised in the States where by law it is established, yet the idea of property in man is repudiated. Though we may recognise a claim of service due by the laws of another State, it is by the laws of that State, not of Wisconsin. If the slave escapes, however, the obligation of service may adhere to him, he can bring no chattelhood into Wisconsin. There he is recognised, as the States agreed they would recognise him, viz., a person owing service not in Wisconsin, but, by the municipal law of another State, in that other State.

This is the position of Wisconsin. She will be faithful to all the covenants and compacts of the Constitution, and she will also be faithful to all her high and solemn obligations of a sovereign State, cheerfully conceding to Federal authority all the powers delegated, and ready at all times to strengthen the arms of Federal functionaries in their execution; but yielding not one jot or tittle of her inherent or reserved powers, alike essential to her own existence and to the liberty and prosperity of her citizens. By a firm adherence to these doctrines and the coöperation of the several States, I believe the glorious vision of our Fathers will be realized of an expansive and expanded Union of sovereign and independent States, not an empire composed of dependent provinces. Let these principles be preserved, and union and liberty will continue our happy inheritance. Allow them to be trodden under foot, and consolidation and tyranny will be the inevitable result.

Pardon me, gentlemen, for the length of this communication, and permit me again to return you my most grateful acknowledgments for your distinguished favour, and to subscribe myself, with sentiments of profound respect, Your obedient servant, A. D. SMITH.

To Messrs. J. W. Edmonds, Wm Curtis Noyes, Wm. C. Bryant, David Dudley Field, R. Emmet, and others.

GOD'S LAW ABOVE ALL THE STATUTES AND DECREES OF MEN.

[We select the following passages from a Sermon lately preached by the Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., and published in *The Independent* last week.]

IT remains to be seen what effect the daring plunge of the Supreme Court into such iniquity, and the unveiling of their designs, will have upon the popular mind. We implore God to kindle a fire of shame and anger in the public conscience against this judgment, that shall burn like a forest conflagration. If there be any life remaining in our Christianity, it is impossible that these judges can drag the church of Christ along with them, or bribe its ministers to support them; there must be, there will be, throughout New England and New York, and the West and the North-west, an entire and angry disavowal of such wickedness. The judges with their decision are like the engineers of a locomotive, suddenly putting on all steam, and undertaking to jump the train over a gulf; but the couplings give way, and the train stays behind, while the judicial engine plunges in judicial blindness into the ditch. The Constitution and the people will not follow these antics of the judges. The people abide by the Constitution, and the Constitution abides by liberty and justice, as the supreme fundamental law.

Fearful will be the result, utter perdition indeed, if this wickedness be not resisted. The people will perish in their own madness, if they submit to such an impregnation of the great fountain of justice with cruelty and lies. It is more terrible than if a cask of arsenic had been emptied into the Croton reservoir. The power of the judiciary, with the principles of unjust law, and a despotic interpretation of the Constitution in their favour, is a monster, terrible and all-devouring. If those infamous principles get any hold upon the heart of the nation, it is gone beyond possibility of recovery; their very touch is death.

Some men even go so far as to denounce as treason against law the bare passivity of non-resistance, even your merely compelling the government to do their own swallowing, and simply refraining from swallowing yourself or others. And some men think that such a *silent refrain* is a wonderful virtue before God; but we tell you, from God's own word, it is as active as a *refrain* in music, adding perhaps the most effective element to the whole bar. You need not think by silence to escape responsibility, or that conscience can avoid offence by creeping under it, or going round it. Your silence under injustice upon others gives consent, and God will hold you as much responsible as if you saw a fire, set by incendiaries, breaking out in a man's premises, and deliberately walked away and let it burn on without giving the alarm, for fear of being victimized yourself by the incendiaries; or as if you saw a stranger knocked down and robbed and left half dead, and you not only did not interfere to protect him, but like the Priest and Levite went silently off, leaving him to die; because, if you raised the outcry and saved his life, you would, by preserving a witness against the robbers, raise up enemies against yourself.

But such is the dreadful power of immoral law in the community; and if you are silent under it, though you may seem to escape for the present, yet all the grace it will allow to you is that of being fattened more leisurely to be the last of its victims. The pernicious energy of such doctrines is like the power of the torpedo fish, which paralyzes its prey by a touch of its body; and this iniquity combines, at the same time, by the energy of sophistry and lying, the power of the squid, or cuttle fish, to blacken the moral sense to such a degree that you cannot perceive the presence of your enemy. If you let these doctrines of devils glare and glitter upon you, their charm is like that of the serpent, whose eye fascinates its victim, till, after a little trembling and fluttering, it falls helpless into the open jaws.

There is no possibility of exaggerating, there is none of fully describing, the dreadful influence of moral law submitted to by the citizens, built into the system, carried into effect. It is worse than a voluntary inoculation with the yellow fever, or the most malignant form of plague from Constantinople. The moral sense is stupified, the tenderness of conscience toward God destroyed, the keen, delicate, proud sense of freedom and of justice gone, and the law's pretence of necessity, expediency, and divine right taking its place, the way is prepared for any and every outrage that can be perpetrated. There is nothing to give the alarm, no steadfast sentinel, no conscientious soldier at his post to fire his piece and rouse the sleeping army, no outposts on their guard. This procedure, by drugging the public mind with these horrible decisions and reasonings, is like that of adroit and daring thieves, administering chloroform to their victims, and thus beforehand rendering them insensible to all injury and loss. The decision itself is the blow of a slung-shot on the temples of the immediate victim; but the apathy in the public conscience now is the result of previ

ern trade, seal your lips in silence as to this great wickedness, you are bought accomplices in it. You give your sanction and your influence to it, because it brings opulence to you. You prevent others from speaking out. You strengthen the hands of the slaveholders, you rivet the chains of the slaves. You perpetuate their bondage, in the very accumulation of your own wealth. You sell souls for gain, and are in complicity with the slave trade and its abominations. For the sake of selling your goods, you sell your principles. For the sake of not angering your Southern customers, you refrain from bearing your testimony against the wickedness which they maintain. Your silence gives consent. Then, if any of our pastors speak of this wickedness, that must be put a stop to. This iniquity will not endure the light, and you will not endure such truth as reproves your own conscience for your own part in it. In just so far as you do not cut loose from this iniquity, you support it, and bring down upon yourselves the very maledictions of Jehovah, as recorded in James's Epistles, that your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them a witness against you, and that your riches are corrupted, because of this sin. We believe, if the merchants of this one city would unitedly separate themselves from this wickedness, and set themselves against it, and employ their energies and their wealth to overthrow it, it would fall. Your responsibility in this matter, is one that cannot be evaded. Beware then how you set in the very heart of your business an element that will prove a gangrene of corruption, setting the whole against God, and marking your treasures with a rust that shall witness against you in the great day of the trial by fire. Remember the voice of the Lord God against the merchants of his own people, who lent themselves to such guilt. Ephraim is a merchant, the balances of deceit are in his hand, *he loveth to oppress*. They have transgressed the covenant, and trespassed against my law. Of their silver and their gold have they made themselves idols, that they may be cut off. Ye have ploughed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity, ye have eaten the fruit of lies, because thou didst trust in thy way, in the multitude of thy mighty men.

Suffer me now, before we close, to advert once more to the hypocritical allegation that this great and solemn subject of the divine justice, and reproof of human injustice and cruelty, and assertion of the claims and rights of a distressed and down-trodden race, is a profanation of the pulpit, a violation of the sacredness of the Sabbath, and a treason against the Gospel of Christ. Can men be in their senses, and profess the name of Christians, who dare make such a proclamation? If there ever was a theme suited to the Sabbath, and commanded by the Gospel and the law, it is that of justice and benevolence to the stranger and the oppressed. If there be a proper place under heaven, where the iniquity of unrighteousness in judgment ought to be unveiled, and the duty of disobeying unrighteousness demonstrated, it is the sanctuary of God; and if ever a proper time, it is God's Sabbath. I give those hypocritical wailings about the desecration of the Sabbath, by pleading Heaven's mercy for the helpless and the lost, over to your unmitigated contempt, together with the wounded sensibilities and crocodile tears of the newspapers, down whose astonished and groaning columns such a tide of holy grief and sacred horror finds its unaccustomed way. I am sure of the appropriateness and the profitableness of our present discussion of this subject. It were a libel against God's word, and a denial of his mercy, to suppose that such a discussion could be otherwise than beneficial to the church and congregation. I believe it is just what we need; and certainly these truths are just what God has given; and "if any man dare stigmatize this" as political preaching, I have only to say, Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour. In very deed, there is more awakening of the conscience, more impression from the truth, more quickening of the sensibilities toward God and his claims, more sensation in the soul as to the nature of true piety, practical religion, conscience, justice, retribution, in one sermon on such a subject, under such excitement, than in the ordinary preaching of a whole year, with the ordinary hard-heartedness and stupidity of a slumbering church and congregation. You want a point, an object, a definite interest. The salvation of the soul is always an object, the one mighty, infinite object and interest of all preaching. But if salvation is a theory merely, while the only thing practical is sin, and if salvation is future merely, and for the present there is quietude in sin, then what a perfect anodyne are all our sermons! You have got to renounce your sins if you expect to be saved; and when the Gospel comes down upon a bolstered, buttressed, time-honoured, and venerable sin, of which you are all enamoured, and which some proclaim as the law of the land, and therefore sanctioned of God, then what an excitement! Without this, there is no feeling, no rousing of the sensibilities, no report from the conscience, no answer towards God, nor anything accomplished for him. The Gospel is as a galvanic battery without its points, without a focus, without a subject to work upon, and without the convergency and concentration of its action. It may be charged ever so highly, but the conducting wires not being armed and applied, the whole intensity of power passes off insensibly into the atmosphere. Now just arm and point the wires, and set the stream, living, analyzing, consuming, on a strong and living interest, a subject entering into men's business and bosoms, an entrenched crown-jewel of oppression to be melted down, a strong and popular sin to be condemned and burned, and then what a blaze, what a hissing, what a battle of fire, what an explosion of lightnings! Oh, if the Gospel were thus applied and thus wrought, with a definite and determined end, continually, how would it set the world on fire, and build a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness!

SLAVERY—THE SUPREME COURT.

From The Covenanter.

The Slave Power goes on apace. Step by step, it marches on to the entire control of the policy and laws of the country. Intrigue and violence, unprincipled legislation and judicial iniquity, are each employed as circumstances seem to require. It never retreats. Strong in its own unanimity and in the thorough demoralization of its Northern allies, it laughs at opposition, and treats with undisguised contempt the conscience and the struggles of the subjected minority which seeks to restrain its growth—which still retains some regard for human rights. As it gains strength and courage, it throws aside as a mere "rhetorical flourish," the principle once regarded as fundamental, that "All men are born free and equal," and openly advocates class distinctions. It calls free society "a failure," and inquires whether "labour" should not be "owned" by capital—not hired. It boldly avers that the Scriptures sanction, not only negro slavery, but the enslavement of the white race. It claims, as on its side, nature, and the "common law"—scornfully repudiating the doctrine that slavery is the creature of State or municipal authority. It demands a recognition of the slaveholder's title to his slave as identically the same with our right to our houses and cattle. It denies the right of a State to emancipate by law, and stands ready to put in its claim to override all legislation in favour of liberty.

It is likely to succeed. Whatever other nations may do, it now feels sure of converting the United States into a vast slaveholder's paradise—as they would style it; or as we would say—a vast den of thieves. It has just taken its largest stride. The Supreme Court of the land has at last made a decision which meets the whole case. Dred Scott sued for his freedom and that of his family in the District Court of Missouri, on the ground that having been taken by his master into the State of Illinois, where he resided for several years, he was of right free by virtue of the laws of that State, and could not be again held as a slave. The decision was against his claim. On his appeal to the Supreme Court, the case was dismissed, on the ground that, inasmuch as he was of African blood, *he could not enter suit in a United States' Court!* Not satisfied with this, the Court—two Justices, McLean and Curtis, dissenting—proceeded to declare any attempt to restrict slavery by law unconstitutional, and that the laws of a free State have no power to alter the condition of a slave voluntarily taken into its bounds by his master.

These are astounding doctrines. The country has heard them with astonishment, and all the friends of liberty with dismay. That the Constitution recognises slavery in the States, *where it exists*, we do firmly believe. That it contains provisions most iniquitous, as in the article regarding the return of fugitives, and the three-fifths principle, we have ever maintained; but in this decision we do as firmly believe there has been reached a deeper depth of iniquity. Can anything be more monstrous than the assertion—and it must now be regarded as a part of the established law of the land—that a man who has in his veins a drop of negro blood, is no citizen—not even so much of a citizen as to be entitled to sue in the Courts of the General Government? That such a man is an outlaw? That he has no opportunity of redress for any wrong inflicted upon him in any case in which suit must be brought, if at all, in a United States' Court? A coloured seaman may be maltreated now, on board ship, to any extent, short of taking his life, and he has no redress. He "cannot sue." In a foreign port he can claim no protection from a United States' Consul. A Northern freeman of colour may be kidnapped and sold to a slave State. He has no redress from the United States. He cannot sue.

It seems to us that the cup of the nation's iniquity must be nearly full. Even foreigners may sue in the Courts of the Federal Government; but a man of colour—born upon the soil—cannot. He may have shed his blood on the field of battle, as many of them have done—his father may have done so before him—still he is an outlaw. Six hundred thousand human beings not only disfranchised, but put out of the pale of law, so far as the Supreme Court of the country can do it, by one fell swoop! Before the iniquity of this act, common sins become mere peccadillos. Are we a nation of Algerines—of pirates? Most certainly we are, if this be law.

Nor is this all. When the Court decided that the coloured man is to be regarded as property, *and as property only*—for this is the essence of the decision—what becomes of the laws of the free States forbidding slavery? They are all unconstitutional, and will be declared so, whenever a case comes up: for any law forbidding men to hold horses as property in any State, would be unconstitutional; but if slaves are property, in the same sense, and to the same intents and purposes by "common law," no State enactments could set them free. Still more: on the same principle, the slave trade must be declared constitutional so soon as the question is tested. In a word, establish the principle, which this decision has made the law of the land—that slaves are property—not only by State law, but by natural law, and there is no stopping place—the system may be carried anywhere—the slaveholder and the slave-trader may hold, buy, and sell, in any district, State, or market within the limits of the entire country; slave coffles may be driven through the streets of New York and Philadelphia. We do not hesitate to say that this decision is far worse than the Constitution itself—bad as that is. It does deep dishonour to the generation which fought the war of the Revolution under the motto—"All men are born free and equal." It has fixed the brand of indelible disgrace upon the country, and will send down the names of the perpetrators of the deed with infamy to coming ages. Still, we are free to say that the guilt rests upon the Constitution in part. Slavery has a place there. It was *allowed* a place there. The country has shut its eyes upon the fact. It would not see. It *would* laud the Constitution as a perfect instrument, while, all the time, it was sapping, by its commissions, and by its pro-slavery clauses, the very "foundations"—the fear of God and regard for human rights. Under its ægis the merciless slaveholder has pursued his schemes for territorial aggrandizement, and his determination to humble the Northern States. Success has crowned his efforts; and now, all law, all tradition, all right, all honourable principle, have been set aside, and slavery, *as an existing principle of law*, has taken possession of every inch of United States' Territory.

Is there no remedy? We know of none but the destruction of the Constitution. So long as the Constitution binds the free States, so long this iniquity will have no end. The free States off, the slaves would see to the rest. We do not despair. As things become worse, they are the more rapidly hastening to a turn for the better. It is darkest just before day. "I saw," says the wise man, "under the sun, the place of judgment, that wickedness was there; and the place of righteousness, (where it ought to be), that iniquity was there. I said in mine heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked: for there is a time for every purpose, and for every work."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1857.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will commence in the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS (No. 446 Broadway, between Howard and Grand streets), in the City of New York, on TUESDAY, May 12th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, T. W. Higginson, Parker Pillsbury and Wendell Phillips are expected to speak at the first session. A collection in aid of the cause will be taken.

The Society will meet at the same place on TUESDAY EVENING, at 7 1-2 o'clock, admittance 10 cents, and again on WEDNESDAY, at 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., admittance free. The arrangements for public speaking at these sessions are not yet completed, but among those who have been invited to speak are Rev. G. B. Cheever, Rev. I. R. W. Sloane, Rev. W. H. Furness, Rev. Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Robert Purvis, and C. L. Remond.

It is much to be desired that the friends of the Society should come together, in large numbers, from all parts of the country, to confer together upon the great interests of the cause at this eventful period.

We reiterate our former declaration, that the object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill—nor to make Kansas a free State—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of Slavery, wherever it exists on American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is "No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

S. H. Gay, Wendell Phillips, } Secretaries.

SLAVEHOLDING POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The shortsightedness of tyrants has pointed the moral of History ever since she began to take note of what was going on in the world. And they have given no stronger proof of this *myopy* of their mental vision than the frenzy or the folly that has led them, from time to time, to cut off the very hands which furnished them with food and gold, under the impulse of cowardice or bigotry. The flight of the Huguenots, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, stripped France of the best part of her population, of her most thrifty and skilful artisans, and she never recovered from the depletion till she had begun to rally from the crisis of the Revolution which that very crime had helped to occasion. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain under Philip III. gave a blow to the prosperity of that country from which she has never recovered, and was one main cause of her degradation from the headship of Europe to her present prostration, with none so poor as to do her reverence.

We have often had occasion to show that our petty despots of the plantations, who regard the whole country and all of us as the outlying provinces and the vassals of their tyranny, are no exception to this general rule of purblind folly. Urged on by the cruel fanaticism of their caste, the Legislature of Florida, at its last session, passed an act reducing the entire free coloured population, if not to slavery, at least to pupilage, taking from them the management of their own affairs, and forbidding any white person from buying of them without the written consent of the white guardian appointed for them under the act. The motive of this atrocity does not appear, and probably it had none but the hatred naturally felt by the injurer to the injured, and the hope of plundering these unfortunate people's property under the pretence of taking care of it for them. For it is admitted by *The West Florida Times*, published at Pensacola, that "they have ever been among the most sober, industrious and law-abiding of our *citizens*"—the opinion of Judge Taney and the slaveholding majority of the Supreme Court not having probably then reached that remote angle of our country. It goes on to say that many of the coloured people are persons of property, who, "not having the privilege of appointing their own agents, their substance may be placed at the mercy of dishonest and designing parties."

We can imagine nothing more probable than this suggestion, and presume that it may have been the occasion of passing the law. But the coloured people, it seems, contemplate measures which had not been anticipated by their oppressors, and which, to judge from the tone of *The Times*, has taken them considerably aback. Like sensible men, not chosing to put their hard-earned property at the mercy of their natural enemies, they are making arrangements to emigrate with their wives, their children and their effects beyond the tyrannous jurisdiction of the United States. *The Times* admits that the State can ill afford to spare these industrious mechanics and sober, law-abiding labourers, and hopes that something may be done to hinder their Exodus. It very justly thinks that it would be in vain to invalidate the constitutionality of the law, but hopes that the coloured people will be dissuaded from carrying their plan into effect until another Legislature shall have had an opportunity of modifying this hateful law "so as to make their position more tolerable."

We would not counsel a compliance with this advice, were we asked for our opinion in the premises. The evil and corrupt heart out of which such villanies proceed would be more likely to increase the burdens of these helpless victims than to extend so much as a finger to lighten them. They may vote next year to confiscate their property and sell themselves into slavery, as has been actually proposed in the Legislature of Virginia. Of course the tribunals of the country would offer them no sanctuary. The very high-priest of the temple of National Justice has shut the gates in their faces and forbidden them to approach its threshold. They can be safe nowhere in the Southern country, certainly. They had better snatch their household gods from these inhospitable shores, and seek new dwelling-places under the flag of England or of Mexico. They are to be asked to remain, if at all, not because of their natural right to live on the soil where they were born, but merely because their industry and mechanic skill are necessary to their oppressors. Like the small fraction of the Moors, who were permitted to remain in Spain that they might teach the Spaniards the arts they excelled in, let them refuse to be made the tools of their tyrants' greed.

And this is the Political Economy of the Wise Men of the South generally. Forgetting that the intelligent labour of a country is the only foundation of its wealth, their policy has always been to discourage and drive away intelligent and skillful labourers, white as well as black, so that they might curse their soil with a monopoly of labour, unintelligent and unskilled—but a degree above that of the beasts that perish. And, more than this, they have prevailed upon wealthy and intelligent men at the North to join with them in a grand scheme for removing out of the country the free coloured labourers, under the false pretence of a purpose of also expelling all of that hue at some good time coming! As if the loss of her labourers were not the greatest calamity a young nation could meet with, were it possible that it could befall her! We are glad to see that these exiles of Florida are too intelligent to think of turning their departing faces in the direction of Liberia. But the immediate effect of these wicked policies is undoubtedly such as those initiating them purpose. It weakens the *South*, but it strengthens for the time the *slaveholding Oligarchy*. Just as the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the Expulsion of the Moors resulted in the temporary triumph of the kings and priests in France and Spain, while they ruined the nations. It is the remote effects of such villanies that are to be looked to. And these concern the North, and especially the non-slaveholding whites of the South, almost as nearly as their immediate victims.

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

In the Convention lately held at Poughkeepsie, no less than three ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church appeared and solemnly declared that the charge against that Church, that it was pro-slavery, was utterly false. They affirmed, on the contrary, that it was in spirit and example anti-slavery, not only at the North, but in its ministry and membership in the slaveholding States. The Southern members of the Church were even more opposed to slavery than their Northern brethren, because, living under its influence, they saw its evils more clearly. One of these clergymen affected himself even to tears in describing the sacrifices which Methodists in Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky had made on account of their inflexible opposition to slavery. The General Conference, in refusing to adopt a rule excluding slaveholders from the Church, had been influenced, not by a pro-slavery spirit, but by the fear of embarrassing the anti-slavery labours of the Southern brethren. Similar representations are constantly made at the North, both by ministers and laymen. Slavery, it is declared, has only a nominal existence in the Church, being confined almost exclusively to cases in which, for various reasons, emancipation would work a great injury to the slaves.

Almost at the very moment when the clergymen above alluded to were uttering these declarations, so well calculated, if not designed, to deceive the public, the Baltimore Conference—more influential, probably, than any other in the whole Methodist Church North—was engaged in the passage of resolutions in opposition, not to slavery, but to anti-slavery. Here is the record as we find it in various Methodist papers.

March 18th, 1857.—Rev. Isaac Gibson and N. Wilson submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, By the Baltimore Conference, in Conference assembled, That we highly deprecate the agitation of the slavery question, which has already resulted to the great detriment of the political and religious interests of the country.

Resolved, That, as heretofore, we will oppose with zeal any aggression which shall be attempted by the abolition agitations of the country.

Rev. Jas. H. Brown moved to lay them upon the table. Adopted.

Rev. John A. Collins deprecated such action, as it placed the Conference in an equivocal position. He would therefore ask that they again be taken up, with a view to a direct vote thereupon. Agreed, by the following vote—yeas 210; nays 4.

They were then put upon their passage, and the first resolution adopted by yeas 220; nays 3.

The second one was then taken up and also adopted by a vote of yeas 197; nays 14.

Rev. Mr. Torrence offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That as the position of the Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Conference is well known, the introduction of such a question as slavery into its considerations was highly inexpedient, either pro or con.

Rev. Henry Slicer supposed his position relative to this subject was well understood, as he had ever fearlessly and faithfully met the issue as a conservative, thorough States' Rights man. He regretted, however, that the question had been agitated at this time, and would hope to see the resolutions reconsidered, with a view to bring before the Conference those it had adopted in 1846, as they were broad and comprehensive, and a reaffirming them would fully continue this Conference in the proper position it then assumed.

Rev. Mr. Torrence here withdrew his resolution.

Rev. Mr. Slicer then moved a reconsideration of the vote upon the resolutions just adopted.

Rev. Geo. Brooks moved to lay this motion upon the table.

Rev. John A. Collins took the floor in support of the position in which the Conference had placed itself by the adoption of the resolutions. He regretted having been called upon in so sudden a manner to vote upon such a proposition, but having voted for their adoption, he was prepared to stand by them to the end. He urged that the body could not, with safety, take a back track in the premises, and he must urge its standing firmly up to its declarations in their adoption.

The motion of Rev. Mr. Brooks to lay upon the table prevailed.

The *Northern Independent*, a Methodist paper, published at Auburn, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Hosmer, publishes this disgraceful record and says:

"We hope our brethren who have had the simplicity to believe that the Baltimore Conference is anti-slavery, will now cease from that delusion. It is, and has long been our conviction, that there is no class of men, south of Mason and Dixon's line, more ardently or hopelessly attached to slavery than Methodist preachers.

"If other evidences in confirmation of this opinion were wanting, we might cite the fact that in all political contests between freedom and slavery they are invariably found on the side of slavery. The clergy of that region never fail to go with the slaveholding and slavery-loving masses; they may be found, to a dead certainty, in the front rank of the enemies of freedom. When this is the case, it is no wonder that the community at large are infected with the crime of slavery. 'Like priest, like people,' is an old maxim, and most fatally exemplified in our Border Methodism, as well as everywhere else in the South. But the clergy are not satisfied with acting in concert with pro-slavery politicians; they write and preach against freedom. Dr. Smith has lately written one of the most decidedly pro-slavery volumes ever published, and instead of crushing him, as it ought to have done, it meets everywhere in the shameless South with unqualified approval. It is not wonderful that our people do not wish to spend money on missions in the slave States, when it is understood that our ministers there deny being Abolitionists, and affect not to be opposed to a slaveholding Church membership. Our Church has already done enough to spread the gospel of slavery. It is time that the putrescent carcass of human chattelism ceased to diffuse its stench and its deadly effluvia through our ranks."

In regard to the pretence that slavery has but a nominal existence among Southern members of the Northern Methodist Churches, we find some testimony in *Zion's Herald*, the Methodist organ for New England, which we copy as follows:

WE ARE COMPELLED TO BELIEVE.

It is with unfeigned reluctance that we believe the following testimony, but we cannot doubt the deliberate testimony of such a man as Dr. J. B. McFerrin, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, published at Nashville, Tenn. Moreover, it is philosophical. Did not Christ say, He that is not for me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad? The *Northern Advocate*, having doubted some of Dr. McFerrin's statements, he replies:

"What are we to understand by these remarks? Does Dr. Hibbard disbelieve our statements, when we affirm that preachers and ordained ministers in connection with his Church are slaveholders? We did not say that any of the travelling preachers are now *ostensible* slaveholders. We are aware that in the Baltimore Conference, but few, if any, of the travelling preachers hold the right of slave property in their own name. But how many are connected with families holding slaves? We cannot tell how many; but we do know, personally, some who are in this category. And we could give the names of some in high places whose children, if not themselves and wives, are interested in slaves as property. Does he disbelieve us when we state that local preachers and ordained ministers in the local ranks in the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, are slaveholders? Does he disbelieve us when we affirm that members of his Church, in Maryland and Virginia, by hundreds, are slaveholders; owning slaves as property; inheriting slaves; buying slaves; selling slaves, as their wishes or convenience may dictate? If he will not credit our statements, we ask him to go to Baltimore; to the planting Counties in Maryland; to many Counties in Virginia, and investigate for himself; and if he do not after a faithful examination, find our words true, then will we make the amende honourable through the columns of his paper. We refer him to Rev. Thos. O. Summers, D.D., Book Editor, in the Publishing House, at Nashville, Tenn., who was formerly a member of the Baltimore Conference, and filled stations in the City of Baltimore, and laboured extensively in Maryland and Virginia, and if he will not state that members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in all these places are slaveholders, and many of them extensive slaveholders, and that class-leaders, stewards, and preachers are slaveholders, then we will retract what we have said.

"Dr. Hibbard has been imposed upon, and has been made to believe that there is no indiscriminate slaveholding among the members of his Church in Maryland and Virginia. What does he mean by *indiscriminate* slaveholding? Is to inherit slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves without any reference to their emancipation, but as property, indiscriminate slaveholding? Then are ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, slaveholders in the same sense that other citizens of slaveholding States are slaveholders.

"We admit that a *majority* of the preachers in the Northern Connection are opposed to slavery; we admit that many of them, with thousands of the laity, 'are aiming to extirpate slaveholding, both in the local ministry and in the membership;' yet this admission does not change the facts in the case, and we think Dr. H., or any of his brethren, should not repudiate the Southern Church, or quarrel with their brethren in the South, while in his own Church there are hundreds, if not thousands, of bona fide slaveholders, and no rule in the Discipline for their expulsion. They are, to use Dr. Stevens's language 'constitutionally, historically, and administratively' a slaveholding Church."

In this connection we will lay before our readers two articles from the *Northern Independent*, confirming the statements which the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society are compelled, from a sense of duty, to make, but which unscrupulous ministers of the Methodist Church so frequently declare to be defamatory and false.

A LITTLE PUZZLED.

It is a well-known fact that all of our border brethren at the last General Conference professed to be good anti-slavery men. So far as words were concerned, they were desperate haters of slavery, and their people were haters of slavery; and, more than all the rest, there were but *precious few slaves held by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church!* Now all this was really grateful to the feelings of *nearly* all from the North, North-West and East. Well, the Committee on Slavery believed the protestations of the Southern men, and they so wrote in their report. Now, the puzzle is here:

1. If these men hate slavery so cordially, why did they not only refuse to vote for the report of that Committee, but get up a minority report, make speeches against the report of the majority, and hint, if they did not loudly threaten, secession and terrible revolution, should that report be adopted?

2. If there are so *few slaves in the Church* along the border as these men pretend, how could the terrible disasters which they predict result from making the chapter on slavery in the Discipline conform to the real doctrine of the General Rule, which is undoubtedly directly against slavery, as much as it is against buying smuggled goods, or profane swearing?

3. Then, again, if so few persons are interested in this matter, so few holding slaves, how will they be able to get up the terrible and disastrous fuss which, even in anticipation, frightens these brave men, and serves to scare the whole General Conference?

4. Will a people who have comparatively no slaves, who hate slaveholding, who will not allow their *travelling preachers to hold slaves* (the local preachers, being less holy, I suppose may), will such a people allow the Church to be rent and torn to pieces for ejecting from its holy circle what they admit to be crime?

5. Where these conditions exist, is it at all probable that the Church South, whose chief corner-stone is slavery, who but for slavery would never have had an existence (by-the-by, what a reason for forming a new Church! only think—the Church of Christ issuing forth from the acknowledged horrors, iniquities, oppressions, whippings, adulteries and pollutions of slavery)—is it at all probable that such a Church could make head in a community so situated and indoctrinated? But suppose they did, where are the chances of success on their part? Can they succeed better with unrighteous weapons than the true Church with truth, humanity and the sword of the Spirit on their side? I own these things puzzle me. It does seem to me that men who hate slavery so cordially will do something to oppose and rout its legions, instead of exhausting all their energies to bolster, and nurse, and keep the foe alive, by furnishing it with aid and comfort.

The leaders of the great secession used to talk just in this way, while they were with us, but they have no sooner bid us goodbye than they coolly draw the pen across every word in their Discipline condemnatory of slavery, and proceed, with all calmness and gravity, to prove that God Almighty originated and now upholds this infernal system.

The question often arises in my own mind, will the apologists for slavery who remain among us after a little time adopt the same course?

THE DISCIPLINE AS IT IS.

Our brethren who contend for "the Discipline as it is" are very anxious to show that we are an anti-slavery Church—as Dr. Stevens has it, an anti-slavery slaveholding Church—and yet they well know that, according to their own showing, "the Discipline as it is" admits of universal slaveholding throughout the Church.

2. The General Rule, which forbids "the buying and selling of men, women, and children, with an intention to enslave them," admits of *giving away, receiving, holding, buying* and *selling* slaves, already such. It only forbids enslaving free blacks; or, in other words, the African slave trade! Such is the scope of the Indiana speech of Dr. Stevens, the great constitutional lawyer, the Daniel Webster of the "Border." So potent, indeed, is this constitutional shield that to enact a rule for the non-admission of mercenary slaveholders into the Church would be "a violation of the Constitution!"

2. Answer 1, of the chapter on slavery, subsidises the laws of the Church to the laws of the slave States, and allows leaders, local preachers, exhorters, &c., to hold slaves, in all States whose laws forbid emancipation. Hence it is that, with the Discipline as it is, many local preachers hold slaves, if they are not even ordained by our Bishops.

3. Answer 2, while it might seem to forbid slaveholding in the ministry, really tolerates it, by leaving emancipation upon two very convenient conditions. (1) They must emancipate them "if it be practicable." This one loop-hole is enough for whole Conferences of slaveholding Methodist preachers to run through. "It is not practicable," say they. "The laws do not favour it," and "my wife objects," or, more honestly, "I want my cook, and washer, and ostler, and gardener, and cannot do without them." "Emancipation is impracticable." Then (2) they must be emancipated, if at all, "conformably to the laws of the State in which he lives"; and if the State has no laws for emancipation, the preacher is *allowed* by the Discipline to hold his slaves. Such is the actual position of the Methodist Episcopal Church with the Discipline as it is. But more on this subject, by some one, in 1859. M.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY IN WISCONSIN.

In The Standard of March 14th we gave an account of the sale, under execution, by the United States Marshal of Wisconsin, of the steam engine and press of Sherman M. Booth, proprietor of the Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, and of the attempt to recover them by a writ of replevin issued under a provision of the new Personal Liberty law of the State. The property, appraised at $3,000, was bought for the slave-catcher, Garland, by his lawyer, for $175. The Sheriff, after serving his process according to law, put the property into the hands of Mr. Booth (or *left* it there), he giving a bond, with security, in the sum of $6,000 to deliver it up if the suit should go against him. What is likely to be the result of this suit we are not informed, but we infer from the statements of Mr. Booth in the following article that he is in danger of ultimately losing not only his engine and press, but his whole printing establishment, and of being turned out into the world a beggar, to satisfy the vindictive demands of a Virginia slave-hunter. It is discreditable to the Republican party of Wisconsin that, with the State government under its control, it should leave Mr. Booth to fight this battle on his own hook. A bill making the State responsible for the cost of defending such suits was defeated, we understand, through the influence of certain members of that party, who are hostile to him upon personal and political grounds. This, if true, is certainly shameful.

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat, April 6.

PERSECUTION NOT PROSECUTION.

We announced on Saturday last that the U. S. Marshal had again levied upon our property, news and job paper, news and job type, presses, chases and furniture, to the amount of some $1,600, to satisfy the claim of the slave-catcher Garland. Our readers know that for our refusal to aid in kidnapping a man, claimed as a slave, we were sentenced, in the U. S. Court, on the criminal suit, to one month's imprisonment and $1,000 and costs, and in the civil suit to $1,000 and costs, amounting in all to about $3,000. The fine and three weeks' imprisonment on the criminal suit yet stand against us. The judgment in the civil suit has been executed against us. A few weeks since, our power press and steam engine, appraised by competent judges to be worth $3,000, were bought by the slaveholder's attorney for $175—thus remunerating him doubly for his alleged slave and the costs of prosecution. We supposed this suit was to be a test question, and that both parties would abide by the final result. We then believed it would be economy to bow our neck to slavery and pay the judgment; and had we consulted merely our pecuniary interests, we should have paid it, unjust as it is, just as we would give the highway robber our money in preference to our life. But it seems that one suit did not satisfy the slave-catchers. Why should it? They have entered upon the business of robbing their fellow-men as a speculation, encouraged by the Slave Power at Washington and the apathy of the people of Wisconsin. Having seen that they could sell our press and engine with impunity, emboldened by the silent acquiescence of the people, they thought they might as well strip us of *all* our property, and make an example, in our person, of the power of Slavery and the pusillanimity of professed anti-slavery men.

Let it be remembered, that the entire fines and costs assessed against us are not less than $3,000, while the suits now pending against us, even if decided in our favour, will cost us more than $3,000, before they are adjudicated. Thus the *Fugitive Slave Act is enforced in Wisconsin*, despite the laws of the State. For it matters little to us, in a pecuniary sense, whether we pay $3,000 to the Government and its slave-catchers or to other parties. There is no doubt but that the present levy of some $1,600 worth of our property, if not replevined before the sale, will again be sold for a nominal sum, which will give rise to a new levy and suit, and our entire property is wasted.

This second suit has doubtless been instituted because the State refused to aid us in defending the first suit. On one side is the entire power of the United States, with an annual income of one hundred millions of dollars; while on the other is a private individual, who is earning his income by the "sweat of his brow." The contest is, indeed, unequal, and nothing but devotion to the great principles we have cherished from childhood could have induced us to take a stand against such a power—unaided by the State whose rights we defend.

While thus we see ourselves distrained of our property—earned by the toil of many years—we ask no charity—we ask no aid for ourselves. If the United States take all we possess, and turn us into the street penniless, we shall still have the power, which cannot be taken from us, to begin the world anew. And we shall further have the consciousness, which the jeering world cannot efface, that we have been the victim of our devotion to the Rights of Man. We shall have the same consciousness to sustain us which renders Louis Kossuth more glorious in his exile—earning a livelihood for those so dear to him, by writing for the periodical press—than ever monarch was upon a throne.

Citizens of Wisconsin! We care much less for the loss of our property—severe as it is—than for the downfall of your liberties, which are stricken down in our person. Fondly did we hope to arouse you to a sense of your danger—with all our powers did we try to save Wisconsin from the shame of slave-catching—but while we were supported by the few—noble and true—the many made light of our misfortunes, just as "Bleeding Kansas" is made a subject of cruel jest. Rival newspaper interests gave heed to their personal jealousies and animosities, and, while they ostensibly were opposed to slave-catching, were but too ready to lull the public conscience to sleep, and narrow the issue down to a personal contest. You, citizens, are just as much in danger of having your property taken from you, under cover of law, as we are; and should the heavy hand of Slavery once be laid upon your shoulders, you will regret the treatment you gave to your representative.

Slavery in supreme in Wisconsin. By the desertion of the Republican party, and the apathy of the people—who merely speak brave words, but shrink from deeds—the way has been paved for greater usurpations. Who, after this, with our example before him, will resist the Fugitive Slave Act? Who will brave its penalties? Our reward for our devotion to the freedom of Wisconsin has been an impugnment of our motives, personal abuse and desertion by the leaders of the very political party which was raised up by the sentiment created against slave-catching.

We appeal, once more, to the press and the people of Wisconsin, to arouse themselves from their lethargy—not to aid us, personally, for, we repeat, we need no charity—but to defend the great principles of State Sovereignty and Liberty, which are dearer to us than mere property or personal considerations. Without any design or expectation of such a result, we have been placed in the breach, where we cannot be stricken down without the rights and liberties of the whole people being cloven down with us. It is not for ourself, but for Liberty imperilled and the rights of man, that we ask the people to rouse themselves and unite as one man against the usurpations of the Slave Power, in its attempts to override the decisions of our State Supreme Court and the laws of this Commonwealth.

[Telegraphic Despatch.]

Chicago, Tuesday, April 14, 1857.

A collision occurred at Milwaukee on Friday between two Deputy United States Marshals and the Sheriff of Milwaukee County, relative to the property of Mr. Booth, editor of *The Free Democrat*. No violence was used on either side, and the Sheriff retained the property. The affair is in consequence of the Garland slave case.

THE ENCROACHMENTS OF SLAVERY.

The Joint Committee of the New York Legislature on the Encroachments of Slavery reported the following preamble and resolves—on Tuesday in the Senate, and on Wednesday in the Assembly.

Whereas, The pro-slavery section of this Republic have, during the last Administration, ruthlessly broken the plighted faith of our fathers, and violated and annulled a time-honoured and sacred compact, thereby opening a vast domain of territory, dedicated to freedom, to the extension of slavery for the purpose of acquiring political power and ascendancy in this government;

Whereas, In the prosecution of this purpose they have, by menace and armed force, invaded the Territory of Kansas, and in violation of the organic act willfully defrauded the citizens thereof of the legitimate right of the elective franchise, thus usurping tyrannical power, and aiming a hostile and deadly blow at the very basis of free government; and whereas, these wrongs and outrages have not only remained unredressed by the Federal Government, but have been countenanced and the perpetrators of them shielded from just punishment by our late Chief Magistrate, who, in his last Annual Message, saw fit to descend from the dignity of his political position into the arena of party politics, and cast malicious and unfounded imputations upon the free people of the North, by charging them with sectionalism and strife, for manfully and and constitutionally resisting the usurpations and aggressions of the Slave Power; therefore, if the Assembly concur,

Resolved, That we do repel these charges as unfounded and slanderous, and pledge ourselves to use all honourable and constitutional means in our power to prevent these aggressions, and the consequent extension of the institution of slavery.

Resolved, That the official conduct of the late Executive of this nation is strongly reprehensible in allowing, either through sectional partiality or remissness of duty, the blockade of the Missouri River by bodies of armed men during the past season, whereby emigrants from the free States, on their way to Kansas, were forcibly seized, searched, detained and returned, to the great injury of their persons and property, all calculated and designed to prevent free emigration into the above-named Territory, and solely intended to aid in establishing slavery therein.

Resolved, That the laws enacted by the so-called Territorial Legislature of Kansas are tyrannical and unjust, a disgrace to civilisation and humanity, contravening both the letter and spirit of the Federal Constitution; and that they were imposed upon the people of that Territory by force and fraud.

Resolved, That the destruction of printing presses, the burning of buildings and the sacrifice of human life (perpetrated by a *posse* summoned by a United States Marshal, and embracing a large number of Buford's mercenaries and Missourians, furnished with the arms of the Federal Government), was wantonly unjust and cruel, prompted by vindictive sectional feelings and designed to abridge and prevent freedom of speech and of the press, to the prejudice of free institutions in that Territory.

Resolved, That the acts recently passed by the so-called Legislature of Kansas, severally styled "An Act to Punish Rebellion," "Sedition and Libel," are but a part of the great system of tyranny perpetuated by the slaveholding class, and designed to intimidate and oppress the Free State men, and subjugate them to the behests of the Slave Power.

Resolved, That in the administration of the Government of that Territory the

GOOD NEWS OF MR. SUMNER'S HEALTH.—A passenger in the steamer Fulton, which conveyed CHARLES SUMNER to Havre, writes to *The Tribune* as follows:

"You know that Charles Sumner took passage with us, seeking health in a European voyage. He has already begun to find it. There is fair promise that the hopes of his physicians and the ardent wishes of all Americans who honour the eloquent defender of truth and right will be fulfilled. The cure that had gone on so slowly up to the 7th of March is now advancing more rapidly. To look at Mr. Sumner now and converse with him as he stands firmly on the unsteady deck—for we have had rather a rough-and-tumble passage in this March weather—I can understand why a ruffian, a chivalric ruffian, would choose knocking such a man when he was down rather than the attempt to knock him down. * * * The sea air, and the sea-sickness, of which last Mr. Sumner has had more than his fair share, coupled with the complete rest, have begun their good work. For seven days he was confined to his state-room, feeble and without appetite. Since then he has been constantly growing stronger. The abnormal sensation in the brain, spoken of above, seems to have entirely disappeared; and the general nervous system is recovering its natural vigour. He rises from a seat without difficulty, and walks the deck for hours—sometimes still putting his hand to his back—but that, he tells me, is partly from the habit acquired during the long time when the sensibility of the spinal chord was painful. This morning I was glad to see him appear on deck without his staff.

"Mr. Sumner has been from the beginning less anxious about himself than his friends have been. The morale has throughout upheld the physique: and to this strength of his moral constitution, as I believe, he and we, under God, owe his life to-day and the good work which, we trust, he is yet to do.

"Mr. Sumner tells me that he 'now considers his complete restoration at hand.' He looks forward to much enjoyment in renewing his early impressions of European scenes. He will first go to Paris, when his course will be determined by the state of his health, but he confidently trusts that he may be so well that this consideration will be banished from his thoughts."

This was written on the 19th of March, at sea. Writing from Paris on the 26th, the same writer says:

"Mr. Sumner continued to improve in health to the end of the voyage, and to grow in favour with all on board. I say all, for he made friends of all, officers, passengers and sailors. I saw him for a moment yesterday. He complained of being more easily fatigued by ordinary exercise than when in his normal state of health, but expresses no fear of a relapse, and seemed in good spirits."

MEETING IN ALBANY.—Henry B. Stanton, Gerrit Smith and Gen. Nye addressed a large public meeting, convened in the Assembly chamber at Albany, on Saturday evening last, to consider the recent infamous decision of the U. S. Supreme Court. We have seen no report of the speeches, but learn that they were eloquent and impressive. The Albany *Transcript* says: "The speakers were unmeasured in their denunciation of the action of the Legislature on the subject, so far as the bill introduced in both houses is concerned. They contended that the bill [see first page] —which was in effect limited to pronouncing free, slaves brought into this State, voluntarily or involuntarily—was not fully up to the sentiment and wishes of the people of the State. They claimed that the people wanted a law as broad as that in force in Canada—that the moment a slave, fugitive or otherwise, put his foot on our soil, he should be free and protected as a freeman." Gen. Nye (an influential member of the Republican party, formerly a Democrat) said he would enact a law with two sections, thus: Sec. 1st. Every man in the State of New York is free, and any man who shall attempt to prove the contrary shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary for life. Sec. 2d. This act shall take effect immediately. The correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and, from the demonstrations, the people are far in advance of their too timid representatives. Let those who hope to be leaders not be found following behind."

Some of the patriotic members of the Assembly, it seems, were very indignant that such a meeting was held in the State House. On Monday, Mr. Glover, one of the Representatives from this city, rose to a question of privilege, and desired to know by whose consent, contrary to all rule, precedent and propriety, the chamber was given, on Saturday evening, to *traitors* to preach *treason* in. The Speaker answered—after an explanation that the persons composing the meeting came in before adjournment and could not be excluded, there being many ladies among them—by assuming the responsibility and declaring his willingness to accept the censure of the House, if it was disposed to give any; but the House was not disposed, and the matter dropped.

THE [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for the present month is mainly filled with extracts from the report of the Commemorative Festival held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 2d of January last. It contains the following notice of a volume of Juvenile Anti-Slavery Tracts, just published at Leeds, by Wilson Armistead:

"Of all the English Anti-Slavery Societies, there is none that to our knowledge keeps so wide awake and labours so indefatigably as the Leeds Association, impelled by the indomitable zeal of their secretary, that staunch friend of the slave, Mr. Wilson Armistead. Not satisfied with having recently circulated a million of tracts for the purpose of arousing the grown-up community to a sense of the evils and pollutions of slavery, this Society has just issued a very pretty Juvenile Anti-Slavery Series in thirteen numbers, with a handsome illustrated cover to each, or else "published sweetly" at one shilling, in a collected form, with a crimson and gold, or purple and gold cover, whichever the purchaser pleases. It is also adorned with an excellent likeness of the heroine Ellen Craft, in the male attire in which some years ago, accompanied by her husband as a servant, she effected her wonderful escape from the far Southern slave State of Georgia. This likeness was originally sold for a shilling, and for the sake of the original it is worth the money yet. Here you may have it for the same price, and this pretty little book into the bargain. The contents of the tracts are extremely diversified, including an interesting miscellany of narratives, poems, anecdotes, and incidents which cannot fail to arrest the attention and instruct the mind of the young reader."

We wish some publisher might be induced to get up an edition of these tracts for the American market. Anti-Slavery books for children are greatly needed here, and we believe they would meet with a ready sale. Who will undertake to supply this want?

"GOING IN FOR RYNDERS."—The Columbia (S. C.) *Times* thus felicitates itself upon the appointment of Capt. Rynders as U. S. Marshal for the Southern District of New York:

"When it was first announced that the famous Capt. Rynders was appointed U. S. Marshal for the District of New York, we confess the news did not affect us with remarkable pleasure. We were one of those who distrusted the Captain on account of some of his antecedents; but if he will but perform what he promises, we declare ourselves his fast friend forever. We see from the Mobile *Tribune* that the Black Republican papers don't like the appointment of Rynders as U. S. Marshal for the New York District. Rynders is a 'jolly stout fellow,' and has pluck, and knows the rascals around him. He is just the man for the office. Suppose a fugitive from the South arrives within his bailiwick. Rynders will know it forthwith. The underground railroad is not deep enough to hide the dark doings of abolitionism from him. And having got the news, which will Rynders do? Why, he'll take the fugitive into custody, and all the powers of the Blacks won't prevail against him. The knaves know this, and, therefore, are discontented with the appointment. We go in for Rynders."

We advise the slaveholders not to calculate with too much confidence upon the subterranean enterprise of our new Marshal. The redoubtable Captain is used to "grubbing under ground," but the track of that mysterious railroad has baffled the search of bloodhounds of keener scent than his. We perceive that he is beginning to exhibit a warm interest in spiritualism. If he hopes to obtain from the spirits of the departed the light that shall guide him in the pursuit of the fugacious chattels of his Southern friends, we fear he may be as much disappointed as was the Virginia slave-hunter of whom we gave an account last week.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The Rev. Dr. Humphrey, former President of Amherst College, lately preached a discourse, at Pittsfield, Mass., commemorating the completion by himself of half a century's service in the ministry. "In conclusion," says the Springfield *Republican*, "the venerable patriarch spoke, as a Christian patriot of his experience might be expected to speak, of the assault on Mr. Sumner, the Kansas outrages, and the last and deepest disgrace to the nation, the Dred Scott decision." No class of men in the whole country is more responsible before God for all the later crimes and outrages of the Slave Power than that to which Dr. Humphrey belongs, and which, in all the struggles of the last twenty-five years, has exerted its whole influence to smother the anti-slavery movement and make slaveholding respectable. The apologies for slavery which such men have woven from the Scriptures, and the false and rotten ethics to which they have lent the sanction of their names, have drugged the conscience and stupefied the moral sense of the nation. If any of them are beginning to show signs of repentance and amendment, let us rejoice; but a life-long devotion on their part to the cause of freedom and a pure Christianity would scarcely suffice to repair the mischief they have done.

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.—The Old School Presbyterians have been trying to establish a "Synodical School" for girls, in Richmond, Va. Educational movements at the South are generally an up-hill business, and this appears to be no exception to the rule. The *Central Presbyterian* gives this doleful account of the enterprise:

"We have frequent inquiries in regard to the Synodical School in Richmond, some of them from other States, and have delayed answering them in the hope that some cheering intelligence could be given. But we are now losing heart in regard to the scheme. The committee sent circulars all over the State for subscriptions of stock, and but two of these have been returned, and they from the same congregation. This fact leads us to believe that we have mistaken the desire of the country churches to have this school, although the experience of this winter has increasingly shown to us the importance of such a school to these churches, and the injury that must ensue to them from the want of it. It is simply impossible for the two churches in this city to do the work alone, and it would be very unwise to start with a debt, so that, unless some new manifestation of zeal shall be made from abroad, we shall infer that the churches do not want the school, and let it drop."

The interests of education cannot be expected to flourish in a State which rears a large proportion of the children born within its limits for the market, like calves and pigs, and imprisons Christian women for the crime (!) of teaching them to read the names of God and Christ. What sort of Church must that be which is at peace with such iniquity—nay, which weaves apologies for it out of the Bible? And what must we think of those Churches at the North which are at peace with such a Church in the South? And yet such Churches are the representatives of *popular* Christianity in the United States.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON *vs.* JUDGE KANE.—The suit for damages for false imprisonment, brought, some time since, by Passmore Williamson against Judge Kane, in Delaware Co., Pa., is likely to come to trial sometime during the next Summer. To the declaration claiming damages Judge Kane puts in five special pleas, setting forth his office, the proceedings which occurred, and justifying his entire conduct. The plaintiff replied *de injuria* to these pleas, that the defendant had committed the acts of his own will, and without cause. The Judge's counsel demurred especially to the replication on three pleas, and joined issue in two of them. The argument on demurrer was held in December, and the public has awaited with much interest the decision of the Court upon the points of law thus raised. We learn, from the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, that Judge Haynes, on Saturday last, announced a judgment adverse to the defendant. The case, therefore, must go to trial upon the general issue, and before a Delaware County Jury. We scarcely hoped, though we greatly desired, such a result. There is a fair chance now, we think, for procuring a verdict against the infamous Kane, but if such shall prove to be the result of the trial, we fear it will be overruled upon appeal to the State Supreme Court, which so dishonourably shielded the modern Jeffries by refusing his victim's application for *habeas corpus*. But the facts of the case will, at any rate, come fully before the public, and be duly placed on record. Mr. Williamson's unflinching perseverance is deserving of all honour.

THE *New York Observer's* abuse of Dr. Cheever, published under the pro-slavery head in this and the preceding numbers of THE STANDARD, will be duly appreciated by those who read the extracts, in another column, from one of the series of masterly discourses which have so excited the ire of that unprincipled and Atheistic sheet. The *Observer* is fitly characterized by the Utica *Herald*, as follows:

"TURNED UP" AGAIN.—Every time the Shamocratic party has some especially mean job to peform, it calls on *The N. Y. Observer*. If the Christian ministry is to be attacked—if the Northern Churches are to be arraigned—if man-catching and man-stealing are to be defended on strictly "religious" grounds—if the Border Ruffian argument is to be presented with the ministerial twang superaded—*The Observer* is called into the field. It "turns up" on every occasion when a triumph of Slavery is to be achieved or has been accomplished. It "turned up" in defence of the Fugitive Slave law; it "turned up" in defence of the Nebraska scheme; it "turns up" in behalf of the Dred Scott decision. Every time Slavery has made a new demand, *The Observer* has made haste to back it up. Every time a new rascality has been hatched in the National Capitol, *The Observer* has shrieked Amen.

It is just now devoting its pious energies to abusing those clergymen who have animadverted upon the recent decision of the Supreme Court. It is righteously indignant that the pulpit should be polluted by the leprosy of Republicanism. There is no measure to its rage against what it seems to consider the Abolition tendency of the Northern Church. The Democratic journals, of course, publish its articles with great glee, under the caption of "Opinions of the *Religious* Press."

CONNECTICUT.—The Republicans have lost ground in this State. They have elected their State ticket by a very close vote, and have a majority in the Legislature, but of the four members of Congress they have only two. Of all the New England States Connecticut is the most inveterately pro-slavery. The leaders of the Border Ruffian Democracy, in many cases, sit at the head of the best pews in evangelical churches, and some of them occupy the station of deacons, nestling under the very horns of the altar. A large proportion of the ministers and churches are in sympathy with the devilish piety of the *Journal of Commerce* and the *New York Observer*, and the professedly anti-slavery ministers and churches give them the right hand of fellowship, mingling with them in revivals, prayer-meetings and ecclesiastical councils. It is no wonder that this process of self-stultification on the part of the Republicans makes their struggle at the polls a hard one. It is vain to think of purifying our politics while the pulpits and the communion tables are hiding-places for defenders and apologists for slavery. "Judgment must begin at the house of God."

POLITICAL MOVEMENT.—The following notice, in double-leaded type, appeared at the editorial head of the *Herald* on Monday last.

Notice to the Political Friends of Fremont.—The honest and out-spoken political supporters of John C. Fremont are earnestly advised to form, as soon as possible, *standing committees and clubs in every town, precinct, distinct, city or county of the United States*, and thus prepare the way properly to enter the field for the Presidency in 1860. Unless the friends of Fremont begin at once to act in this way, he and his supporters will be cheated by the corrupt politicians who are now seeking the management and control of the Republican masses throughout the country. Now is the time to begin the great movement for 1860 by forming honest centres of union and intelligence against corruption, fraud and incipient revolution.

The *Herald* wants to sell itself to the Administration, taking the long-coveted mission to France as a suitable consideration. Its arts of coquetry have thus far been exerted in vain, and this threat to organize an independent Fremont party is probably intended to bring Mr. Buchanan to terms, and to frighten, at the same time, the friends of Seward.

FREEDOM IN MEXICO.—This country, so long distracted by faction and revolution, has adopted a new Constitution, under which, it is hoped, she may have deliverance out of the worst of her troubles. It contains one provision, which, in view of the intrigues of the American Slavocracy against the peace of the country, is specially significant. It declares that all persons born in Mexico are born free, and that slaves coming thither from other countries are free the moment their feet touch the soil, and entitled to the protection of the laws. It also declares that no treaty for the extradition of criminals shall include those who, in the country where the crime was committed, were held as slaves. The slaveholders of the United States, living on the Mexican border, have been anxious for a long time to make some arrangement with the government of that country for the restoration of their lost chattels. The new Constitution blocks their game.

OUR readers will recollect that a Premium of $200 was offered for the best Tract on "The Family Relation, as affected by Slavery," to be offered to the American Tract Society for publication. The Committee of Award, after examining thirty-five manuscripts that were presented, fixed on three as the best. Of these three the award was given to the one entitled "First Pure, then Peaceable." The second of the three, entitled "The Family Relation as affected by Slavery," has been given to The American Reform Tract and Book Society, and will be ready by the 15th inst.—*Cincinnati Christian Press.*

The *premium* tract, by Charles K. Whipple, is not likely, we fear, to get into print for some time yet. It is hardly probable that the American Tract Society can be induced to publish it so long as Southside Adams remains clothed with the veto power over all the manuscripts laid before its publishing committee. We shall see, however, in due time.

JUDGE WHITON, the Republican candidate for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, is said to be elected by 10,000 majority. He is one of the Judges who pronounced the Fugitive Slave law unconstitutional, and his election is a confirmation of that judgment by the people of Wisconsin as a high Court of Appeals.

THE *Boston Traveller*, an old and well established daily journal, having absorbed into itself three other daily papers—the *Atlas*, the *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle*—was issued on Monday last in a style which, in point of enterprise, talent and capital, places it at the head of New England journalism. The union of four paper secures a daily circulation of 20,000, and an advertising patronage so extensive as to afford an ample guaranty of the success of the enterprise from the start. Samuel Bowles, Esq., formerly of the *Springfield Republican*, is the editor-in-chief. He is not only an able writer, but gifted with the peculiar *tact*, wanting which, no man is fit for the editorial chair. *The Traveller*, under its new auspices, is expected to be for Boston what *The Tribune* is for New York—liberal and progressive in comparison with most of the papers around it, but conservative as compared with *The Liberator* and THE STANDARD. On the question of slavery it will, we presume, occupy the platform of the Republicans, but we hope its influence may tend to elevate rather than depress the anti-slavery sentiment of that party.

WENDELL PHILLIPS occupied the pulpit of Theodore Parker, in the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday last; Mr. Parker not having sufficiently recovered from his illness to be able to preach. The Boston *Courier* says:

"Mr. Phillips alluded to the fact that Mr. Parker was still unwell, and said that as he had been called on only at 9 1-2 P. M. on Saturday, he had been unable to prepare any connected remarks. He referred to the fact that yesterday was Easter Sunday, and read the account of the disciples' visit to the tomb on Easter morning. He gave notice that Thursday next had been appointed as Fast Day, and read the proclamation of the Governor of *Maine* appointing Fast for that State. Taking this proclamation and the chapter he had read as his text, he proceeded to discourse of the tyranny of the General Government, the necessity of individuality and independence, the little value of our Union, whose disruption he thought would not be injurious, and kindred topics."

SURPRISING STATEMENT.—The *New York Evangelist* falls far below our standard of Christian morality in many particulars, but we must confess our utter astonishment at finding in it an apology for the *Express* as "*inferior to no New York daily paper in moral tone.*" Our surprise would have been no greater, if it had pronounced the same judgment in respect to the *Herald*. Our acquaintance with the political journals of the country is extensive and familiar, and we do not hesitate to say that, among them all, we do not know of *one* that is more habitually unscrupulous and untruthful than the *Express*. Its habit of lying is chronic, and incurable, save by a moral regeneration.

NICARAGUA.—A few days ago reports were in circulation of a great victory said to have been achieved by the fillibusters in Nicaragua, but on Wednesday last a despatch was received announcing that Lockridge, Walker's main reliance, had been compelled to retreat from his position, leaving the whole of the San Juan roads in the complete possession of the Costa Ricans. Walker himself is said to be hemmed in such a way as to be cut off from all assistance by his friends. An explosion had taken place on an old steamer, the J. N. Scott, by which sixty fillibusters are said to have been killed!

NEW WORK ON KANSAS.—The Chicago *Tribune* is informed by "a Democrat of unquestioned faithfulness to his party, himself a Governor," that ex-Gov. Geary is preparing from his diary, faithfully kept during his administration, a summary of events in Kansas as they came under his own personal or official observation. It states on the same authority, that in that book, when it shall be given to the country, the allegations of the Republican journals in relation to the fiendish atrocities practiced upon the Free State men by their Border Ruffian invaders will be not only confirmed but fully proved.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLIES.—The Old School Assembly will meet at Lexington, Ky., on Thursday, May 20th. That of the New School will assemble on the same day at Cleveland, Ohio. The Old School body is so incurably pro-slavery, that it will be hardly possible, we suppose, to disturb its Pharisaical self-complacency by any agitation of the question of slavery; but the New School Assembly will be the scene, probably, of the most exciting discussion of the subject that has ever occurred in an ecclesiastical convocation.

THE PIONEERS.—Wm. C. Nell is about to publish a print (in the style of "The Heralds of Freedom") with the faces of S. S. Foster, A. K. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, C. L. Remond, and C. C. Burleigh, with those of Garrison and Phillips. The work will be done by Grozeller, an artist of much merit. We presume the print will be offered for sale during the approaching anniversaries, when the numerous friends of "The Pioneers" will gladly possess themselves of their likenesses.

PRACTICE *vs.* PRECEPT.—The *Presbyterian Witness* (Knoxville, Tenn.) has in one column an editorial on "The Evil of Fiction," and in another this annoucement: "Any person remitting us $4 will be supplied with a copy of the *Presbyterian Witness* and *Godey's Lady's Book* for one year." The pages of Godey are mostly filled with fiction of the maudlin, school-girl sort, such as the most intelligent families at the North would be ashamed to see on their centre-tables. It will do very well, however, to mix with slaveholding piety.

AUTHOR OF THE HOAX.—We have a letter from Portsmouth, Ohio, professing to reveal the name of the man who lately hoaxed THE STANDARD with a false report of the burning to death of a slave in Carter Co., Ky. The writer is unknown to us, and the fear of being hoaxed again leads us to withhold the letter from our readers. If the writer will give us evidence of his good faith and of the truth of his statement, he will entitle himself to our thanks.

Summary.

The wife of Horace Mann announces a new work under the title of *Christianity in the Kitchen*.

Madame Levert, of Mobile, is said to be the authoress of the popular novel in reply to "Dred," called "Tit for Tat."

Ex-Mayor Haviland, of New Bedford, has presented the amount of his salary, as Mayor for two years ($1,600), to the Free Public Library of the city.

Ex-Presidents Van Buren and Pierce are sojourning at present in Philadelphia—Mr. Van Buren being the guest of Hon. Henry D. Gilpin.

This (the Dred Scott decision) is an end of the Free Soil party.—*Erie Observer.*

Yes: the butt end!—*Warren Mail.*

The Washington correspondent of the Exeter, N. H., *News Letter*, says that Gen. Pierce has saved one-half his presidential salary. The Presidents have generally left the White House poorer than they entered it, but Mr. Pierce has practised New Hampshire economy and saved $50,000.

GOV. HAMMOND.—A card in the Newsberry (South Carolina) *Mirror* announces Ex-Governor James Hammond as a candidate to succeed the late Preston S. Brooks in the House of Representatives. The author or authors of it, in declaring him a candidate, assert their "conviction that he will not decline a nomination."

REV. THEODORE PARKER.—At the annual meeting of the "Twenty-eighth Congregational Society" of Boston, held on the 5th inst., it was voted to increase the yearly salary of the pastor, the Rev. Theodore Parker, from $1,600 to $2,500. It was also voted to give Mr. Parker a vacation of six months on account of his ill health, and to supply the pulpit during that time.

THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON COMPARED TO THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA.—It is a disgraceful fact that a man's life would be safer in the jungles of Africa than in the streets of Washington. It is but right, however, to acknowledge that the murderers there are all Southern bravos; the worst sort of a Northern man scorning to play the professional assassin.—*Brooklyn Eagle, April 1.*

The New York *Express* gives an account of a Quaker wedding in high life, which appears to have been a wide departure from the rigid simplicity with which the ceremonies of the Society of Friends are generally conducted. Six bridesmaids officiated, and not only white satin, but ermine, rose-coloured trimmings, and hoops of the usual enormous size, made a part of the bridal attire.

In course of collecting material to illustrate Irving's *Life of Washington*, the publishers have had the good fortune to discover an original miniature on ivory of Washington, supposed to have been painted by Copley, at the time of Washington's visit to Boston, at the close of the French War in 1756. The earliest portrait previously known to exist is that by Peale, taken at the age of 40. This having been painted at about the age of 25, is, consequently, the earliest likeness extant.

A negro belonging to Judge Stamps, employed on the railroad near Hampstead, Texas, attempted, a few days since, to kill Mr. Dudley, the overseer. While Mr. Dudley was occupied in correcting another negro for some offence, this one stepped up behind him stealthily, and struck him on the head with an axe. Mr. Dudley fell senseless, and was thought to be dead, but it is now thought he will recover. We will publish the letter in our next.

The *Baltimore Wrecker* contends that it is by no means sufficient to show the slaveholders the advantages of free labour, in order to induce them to abolish their peculiar institution. It is not avarice alone, it is imperiousness also, which makes the slaveholders cherish an institution detested by the majority of mankind. The habitual power over the bodies and minds of others, creates a desire for its continuance which cannot always be compensated for by exchanging it for a sum of money.

MR. PEASE LEAVING THE FIVE POINTS.—Rev. L. M. Pease has been compelled, on account of protracted ill health, to resign his office of Superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry. Mr. J. M. Talcott, late principal of the Massachusetts State Reform School at Westboro', succeeds Mr. Pease in the management of the institution. It is not the intention of Mr. Pease, however, to retire altogether from the field of his labours. His health requiring mental relaxation chiefly, he will enter on the charge of the farm of the House of Industry, at Bronxville.

THEODORE PARKER was invited, by the Senior Class of the Divinity School connected with Harvard University, to preach their annual sermon. The invitation to the great heresiarch of America to preach before the students of Unitarian theological institution gave great offence, of course, to the Pharisaical conservatives of that denomination, who have done their worst to "crush him out," but without success. The rules of the College requiring the consent of the Faculty, and that consent being refused, the invitation was withdrawn.

POLITICAL PREACHING.—The "political preaching" of Rev. Dr. Cheever is denounced in bitter words by the New York *Observer*, because Dr. C. preached against the late monstrous opinion of Judge Taney, and opposes soul-trading generally. If the doctor preached in *favour* of slavery, he might shake hands with the devil himself and find an apologist in the *Observer*. It belongs to a class who regard the support of man-stealing as a sort of virtue, like Charity "covering a multitude of sins."—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

INFORMATION WANTED.—A correspondent says, "A case of discipline, in which the Galena Presbytery found an Elder guilty of holding and selling slaves according to the laws of Missouri, was referred for action to the Synod which met in Chicago last Autumn. What did they do with it? Carried out, it will bring the Assembly to a constitutional and direct decision, or the momentous "Dr. Ross" alternative. Did the Synod act upon the subject, or will they?"—*Chicago Cong. Herald.*

A GOOD REFERENCE.—A stranger said in a religious meeting, "If you don't believe I am religious, go and ask my wife. She'll tell you." This came out so bluntly, that it came near causing an explosion. But is it not a good reference? Many a man's boasts about his religion might be proved all vanity by just asking his wife, and getting an honest answer from her. How does his religion make him act at home? is the pungent inquiry—*that* is the grand test. See to it, reader, that this reference may be to your credit.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BONNETS.—"What becomes of all the pins?" is a question often asked and seldom answered. Some facts that we learned the other day led us to ask, "What becomes of all the bonnets?" At the factory of Messrs. Carpenter, in Foxborough (Mass.), more than ten thousand a day are made and thrown into the market. For more than twenty miles round about, the people are engaged in the work, and they have agents all over the world collecting materials and disposing of their manufactures.—*Portland paper.*

AN EPIGRAM.—
THE SUPREME COURT AND THE QUESTION OF COLOUR.

Pray why should Sambo, in our Courts,
Fare worse than Pat or Swaney?
For though he is a coloured man,
Our Justice too is *Taney*.

Since Taney does thus ruthlessly
Poor Sambo's rights attack,
What mercy may we hope for from
Attorney General *Black*?

—*Evening Post.*

THE NORTHERN COADJUTORS OF THE SLAVERY PROPAGANDISTS.—That the ruffianism and debauchery of the land should sympathise with and stand up for the oppressors of Kansas and Northern tools of the Slave Power, is what every one must expect. You cannot find, from the Aroostook to the Sacramento, a professional gambler who does not intensely hate Abolitionists, and glory in the Dred Scott decision. There is not one tippling-house in every hundred whose master is not in sentiment and sympathy a Border-Ruffian. All this is natural and accounts for itself.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

[The "ruffianism and debauchery of the land" is also hotly zealous for the Union, making every gambling-hell and tippling-house vocal in its praise. On *that* point, *The Tribune* is in closer affinity with the Border Ruffians than we wish it was.]

John H. Hopkins, "D.D., LLD.," and also "Protestant Bishop of Vermont," is shameless and unchristian enough to publish a book in which he glorifies slavery most extravagantly, and speaks of it as if it were the choicest flower of modern civilization; whereat the *Journal of Commerce*, following the instincts of its nature, is greatly pleased. "The slaves at the South," says this Bishop, "are the *happiest* class of labourers in the world." "Esop was a slave," he continues, with tremendous emphasis, "and Epictetus was a slave, and a large proportion of the primitive Christians were slaves." To which we add that "John H. Hopkins, D.D., LLD.," would greatly improve his notions of Christianity and civilization if he should be immediately put to work as a slave on some Red River plantation, and kept there for the next ten years. And the slave trader who takes him off for sale in that region may as well take also the editors of the *Journal of Commerce.*—*Boston Telegraph.*

The *Puritan Recorder* intimates that popular lectures in this region have fallen into bad odour. Under cover of wholesome instruction and entertainment, radicals and infidels have insidiously propagated their pernicious views. This has led to an experiment of substituting sermons for lectures. Upon this, the *Presbyterian* very truthfully remarks: "Those who get up courses of lectures are chiefly to be blamed. They have surfeited the public with radicalism and men who have made themselves notorious as ecclesiastical or literary outlaws."—*Boston Courier.*

["*Popular* lectures" are no doubt in "bad odour" with some people. It is not "the public," however, that is surfeited with such lectures, for "the common people hear them gladly." In almost every case it will be found that the "radicals" and "outlaws" have crowded houses, while such men as are commended by the *Puritan Recorder* and the *Presbyterian* speak to empty benches, and take out of the Lyceum treasury more than they put in.]

THE BEGINNING OF WHAT IS TO COME.—The following article from the Chicago *Democrat* shows that the Federal officers are prepared to resist the laws of Illinois. The conflict between State and national authority will come soon:

"The encroachment upon State rights and State sovereignty is not confined alone to the Supreme Court; but the District Judges, catching the spirit of Federalism which pervades the dominant party, are attempting to do their part in the business. We understand that the Judges of this district—and probably those of the others have done the same—have issued orders to Marshals, &c., to pay no regard to any writs issued by the State Courts; thus leaving the citizens without remedy, save that which the District Court may, in its graciousness, grant. These things call for State action to an extent that will let the Federal Judiciary know that the States are sovereign on their own soil, and that the Federal officers exercise their functions within their jurisdiction only by sufferance."

LAKE ONTARIO IN THE TIME OF NOAH.—Mr. H. Skeel sends us a communication from South Butler, Wayne County, N. Y., in which he makes a very curious and interesting statement. Premising the account of his "discovery" with the generally received supposition that the surface level of Lake Ontario was, ages ago, several hundred feet higher than its present position, and of course that its waters submerged many miles of the country now surrounding it, and which is now covered with cities and villages, he says:

"I have discovered the former outlet of this Lake when it occupied its ancient territory, and before the river St. Lawrence had a being. I have proofs incontrovertible on this point, and by them are convinced beyond a doubt of the truth of what I have stated. This ancient outlet emptied the waters of Lake Ontario into the Valley of the Mohawk, at or near the locality of Rome, Oneida County, thence into the Valley of the Hudson, and from there into the Atlantic. This discovery is the result of actual observations made at the point of egress from the ancient lake while I was located as pastor of a church in Northern New York."—*Tribune.*

AN INTERPOLATION OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on Sunday morning prefaced his sermon by reading the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians, the thirteenth verse of which is as follows: "For by one spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one spirit." Pausing at the words "bond and free," the reverend gentleman said: "How is this? Paul surely could not have said this; it must be an interpolation. It certainly cannot mean that a man with African blood in his veins, and held as an American slave, oppressed by his master, despoiled of his rights and outlawed by our Courts, is baptized into the same spirit with the white man. It cannot mean that a slave is equal to a freeman in the sight of God—a black man to a white one. Yet it certainly seems so; it certainly reads so; and it would appear from this, unless we call it an interpolation, that we are all the children of one common Father, entitled to the same rights, governed by the same principles, alike immortal and precious in his sight. It must be an interpolation!"—*Tribune.*

FRIGHTFUL MURDER BY SLAVES.—A gentleman of this city, just from Lake Providence, La., informs us that a horrible murder was committed by some slaves upon the body of their master, W. H. Harry, of that neighborhood, on Saturday, the 21st inst. The circumstances, as the gentleman detailed them, are these: Early in the morning of that day, Mr. Harvy started on a hunting tour. When he came out of the house an old negro woman struck him with some heavy weapon, from the effects of which he fell. Two negroes then seized him, tied one end of the rope around his neck, and the other to his feet, and swinging him under a mule, conveyed him a distance of half a mile from the house, and split his skull with an axe. Our informant was at the place of the murder, and saw the brains of the victim scattered upon the ground. These facts were elicited from a negro girl, who would only divulge them under threats of death. What seems remarkable is that the old woman who began the assault had been the nurse of Mr. Harvey when a child. The greatest excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood, and Wednesday last was appointed as the day on which to burn the negroes. Another remarkable feature of the affair is, that Mr. Harvey was very kind and indulgent in the treatment of his servants.—*Memphis Enquirer, March* 30.

A NEW SCHEME.—A prospectus has been issued for a new weekly paper in New York, to be called the *Southern Herald*, and to be devoted to the furnishing of information "concerning the politics of New York merchants." The following paragraph from the prospectus indicates the spirit in which it is to be conducted:

"We acknowledge no fellowship or equality with Abolitionists, and our whole energies will be directed against them, both in a *social* and *business* point of view."

The Frankfort (Ky.) *Commonwealth*, in which we find a notice of this sheet, says that those "who feel more interested in learning whether or not New York merchants are sound upon the negro question than they do in ascertaining where they can get the best goods, and get them cheapest," will find it much to their advantage to subscribe to this new sheet.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—Mr. J. S. Martin, a fugitive from slavery, was in this office yesterday a short time, and at our own suggestion and not at his request, we give a few particulars of his history. He is well educated in the ordinary branches, and converses fluently and correctly. He is of rather a warm drab, or pale yellow, genteelly formed, and tastefully dressed. He is a barber by trade, and his owner, Mr. J. F. Cady, of New Orleans, has been in the habit of letting him out to work at his trade, upon the river, the master receiving so much per month for his services, and allowing him clothes. Not having read Judge Taney's opinion, he imbibed the impression that he might make more money by working for himself—he is now aware that, judicially considered, he had no self. Mr. Martin allowed us to read two very touching letters from his master, pathetically urging him to leave the inclement North and come to New Orleans again, where all is sunshine. Martin treats it as all moonshine, and proposes to make a tour through the State, showing up the physical and moral condition of slavery. He accuses his master of no cruelty or unkindness, but only of the injustice of charging $1,300 for what only cost him about $100—his liberty.—*Detroit Advertiser, 10th.*

Our Southern friends have a hard time of it in their attempts to keep all the objectionable works in their *index expurgatorius* out of their territory. Do what they will, now and then an abolition missile will find its way among them. A great excitement was recently caused in Pedee, S. C., by a bookseller, who sold a volume entitled *Lives of Eminent Methodist Ministers*, but which proved on examination, to contain the biographies of Henry Ward Beecher, Frederick Douglass, and William Lloyd Garrison. The consternation and indignation which the discovery created may very easily be imagined.

The publishers of the deceitful book were a firm in Auburn, in this State, who have sent a letter to the *South Carolinian Times*, explaining the cause of the strange discrepancy between the title and the contents of the book. It seems that the covers were put upon the wrong books, and thus those fearful Abolition agitators—Beecher, Douglass and Garrison—were smuggled into the very heart of South Carolina as eminent Methodist Ministers. We do not wonder that the people of Pedee thought that this was adding injury to insult. The only safety for the South is to exclude all printed matter that comes to them from anywhere north of the Potomac.—*N. Y. Times.*

"WHAT IS IN A NAME?"—In looking over the appointments of "Baltimore Conference," I see one appointment bearing the renowned name of "Gorsuch!" Whether this charge borrows its name from the Christian gentleman who lost his life in the attempt to recover his slaves in Pennsylvania, a few years since, I do not know, but to us in these latitudes, to associate such a name with Wesley, Fletcher, Ebenezer, Asbury, Mount Zion, and the like, seems very queer; and such an association does not look to us very much like a great abhorrence of slavery, though it may all be innocent. Should it turn out, however, that this is the veritable Gorsuch who it is said died with an oath in his mouth, though he bore a license to preach! it seems to me that were the notable men whose names are attached to sacred places in connection with this, to wake out of their sleep, they would hardly recognise themselves, or be recognised by the world, by the company in which they would be found. "Straws show which way the wind blows" sometimes.—*Northern (Meth.) Independent.*

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.—The Right Rev. Bishop Clark delivered a lecture some time ago in Cambridge, taking for his subject, *Fifty Years Hence.* From a sketch in the Cambridge *Chronicle*, we take the following:

"Fifty years hence, the newly married pair will step into an emporium for the sale of houses, look over the book of patterns, select one to suit their taste and means, order it, and it will be sent home in the morning, put together and occupied at night. In travelling, as great changes will take place. Instead of the dusty road and crowded car, there will be a splendid Locomotive Hotel, flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade trees, and heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demoniac shriek of the steam whistle, and labelled through from Boston to San Francisco in four days. Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles, there will be, fifty years hence, a net-work underground, and under the bosom of the deep, and it will click off thoughts instead of words. Then the Electric Battery will light all the street lamps at once, enable all the clocks of the city to keep exact time, and kindle the Beacons on the dangerous rocks, where now men hazard their lives and wear out their lonely days. Then the author will not write by our slow process, losing his rarest fancies, but he will sit down to the newest Chirographical instruments, and putting his fingers upon the keys, write as fast as he can think."

"FOUND DEAD.—An old negro woman, belonging to Mr. Joseph Sutton, of this County, aged about sixty years, was found dead on Monday, in the field where she had gone to work. It is supposed that she died from natural causes. An inquest was held over the body, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts."—*Georgetown Gazette, 26th ult.*

Now we should like to know what facts were elicited. All that any one can suppose in this case is, that "an old negro woman, feeble and sick (as she must have been to die so suddenly), had been driven out in the field to work by some inhuman negro driver, and died in a willing attempt to perform what her age would not sustain her in doing. Hence the *Gazette* says: "it is supposed that she died from natural causes."

How "natural" it must be to drive out negro women *sixty years of age*, sick, faint, and weary, to work in the field and there die. Not a word is said against Mr. Joseph Sutton, the owner, for not keeping the good old slave in the house,

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH. A PLOT AGAINST THE SECRET.

TOWARDS the close of the evening, on the day after Mr. Orridge's interview with Mrs. Norbury, the Druid fast coach, running through Cornwall as far as Truro, set down three inside passengers at the door of the booking-office, on arriving at its destination. Two of these passengers were an old gentleman and his daughter; the third was Mrs. Jazeph.

The father and daughter collected their luggage, and entered the hotel; the outside passengers branched off in different directions with as little delay as possible; Mrs. Jazeph alone stood irresolute on the pavement, and seemed uncertain what she should do next. When the coachman goodnaturedly endeavoured to assist her in arriving at a decision of some kind, by asking whether he could do anything to help her, she started, and looked at him suspiciously; then, appearing to recollect herself, thanked him for his kindness, and inquired, with a confusion of words and a hesitation of manner which appeared very extraordinary in the coachman's eyes, whether she might be allowed to leave her trunk at the booking-office for a little while, until she could return and call for it again.

Receiving permission to leave her trunk as long as she pleased, she crossed over the principal street of the town, ascended the pavement on the opposite side, and walked down the first turning she came to. On entering the bye-street to which the turning led, she glanced back, satisfied herself that nobody was following or watching her, hastened on a few yards, and stopped again at a small shop devoted to the sale of book-cases, cabinets, work-boxes, and writing-desks. After first looking up at the letters painted over the door—BUSCHMANN, CABINET-MAKER, &c.—she peered in at the shop window. A middle-aged man, with a cheerful face, sat behind the counter, polishing a rose-wood bracket, and nodding briskly at regular intervals, as if he were humming a tune and keeping time to it with his head. Seeing no customers in the shop, Mrs. Jazeph opened the door and walked in.

As soon as she was inside, she became aware that the cheerful man behind the counter was keeping time, not to a tune of his own humming, but to a tune played by a musical box. The clear ringing notes came from a parlour behind the shop, and the air the box was playing was the lovely "Batti, Batti," of Mozart.

"Is Mr. Buschmann at home?" asked Mrs. Jazeph.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cheerful man, pointing with a smile towards the door that led into the parlour. "The music answers for him. Whenever Mr. Buschmann's box is playing, Mr. Buschmann himself is not far off from it. Did you wish to see him, ma'am?"

"If there is nobody with him."

"Oh, no, he is quite alone. Shall I give any name?"

Mrs. Jazeph opened her lips to answer, hesitated, and said nothing. The shopman, with a quicker delicacy of perception than might have been expected from him, judging by outward appearances, did not repeat the question, but opened the door at once, and admitted the visitor to the presence of Mr. Buschmann.

The shop parlour was a very small room, with an odd three-cornered look about it, with a bright green paper on the walls, with a large dried fish in a glass case over the fire-place, with two meerschaum pipes hanging together on the wall opposite, and with a neat round table placed as accurately as possible in the middle of the floor. On the table were tea-things, bread, butter, a pot of jam, and a musical box in a quaint, old-fashioned case; and by the side of the table sat a little, rosy-faced, white-haired, simple-looking old man, who started up, when the door was opened, with an appearance of extreme confusion, and touched the stop of the musical box so that it might cease playing when it came to the end of the air.

"A lady to speak with you, sir," said the cheerful shopman. "That is Mr. Buschmann, ma'am," he added in a lower tone, seeing Mrs. Jazeph stop in apparent uncertainty on entering the parlour.

"Will you please to take a seat, ma'am?" said Mr. Buschmann, when the shopman had closed the door and gone back to his counter. "Excuse the music; it will stop directly." He spoke these words in a foreign accent, but with perfect fluency.

Mrs. Jazeph looked at him earnestly while he was addressing her, and advanced a step or two before she said anything. "Am I so changed?" she asked softly. "So sadly, sadly changed, uncle Joseph?"

"Gott im Himmel! it's her voice—it's Sarah Leeson!" cried the old man, running up to his visitor as nimbly as if he was a boy again, taking both her hands, and kissing her with an odd brisk tenderness on the cheek. Although his niece was not at all above the average height of women, uncle Joseph was so short that he had to raise himself on tip-toe to perform the ceremony of embracing her.

"To think of Sarah coming at last!" he said, pressing her into a chair. "After all these years and years, to think of Sarah Leeson coming to see Uncle Joseph again!"

"Sarah still, but not Sarah Leeson," said Mrs. Jazeph, pressing her thin, trembling hands firmly together, and looking down on the floor while she spoke.

"Ah! married?" said Mr. Buschmann, gaily. "Married of course. Tell me all about your husband, Sarah."

"He is dead. Dead, and forgiven." She murmured the last three words in a whisper to herself.

"Ah! I am so sorry for you! I spoke too suddenly, did I not, my child?" said the old man. "Never mind! No, no; I don't mean that—I mean let us talk of something else. You will have a bit of bread and jam, won't you, Sarah?—ravishing raspberry jam that melts in your mouth. Some tea, then? So, so, she will have some tea, to be sure. And we won't talk of our troubles—at least, not just yet. You look very pale, Sarah, very much older than you ought to look—no, I don't mean that either; I don't mean to be rude. It was your voice I knew you by, my child—your voice that your poor uncle Max always said would have made your fortune if you would only have learnt to sing. Here's his pretty music-box going still. Don't look so down-hearted—don't, pray! Do listen a little to the music: you remember the box? my brother Max's box? Why, how you look! Have you forgotten the box that the divine Mozart gave to my brother with his own hand, when Max was a boy in the music-school at Vienna? Listen! I have set it going again. It's a song they call Batti, Batti; it's a song in an opera of Mozart's. Ah, beautiful! beautiful! your uncle Max said that all music was comprehended in that one song. I know nothing about music, but I have my heart and my ears, and they tell me that Max was right."

Speaking these words with abundant gesticulation and amazing volubility, Mr. Buschmann poured out a cup of tea for his niece, stirred it carefully, and, patting her on the shoulder, begged that she would make him happy by drinking it all up directly. As he came close to her to press this request, he discovered that the tears were in her eyes, and that she was trying to take her handkerchief from her pocket without being observed.

"Don't mind me," she said, seeing the old man's face sadden as he looked at her; "and don't think me forgetful or ungrateful, uncle Joseph. I remember the box—I remember everything that you used to take an interest in, when I was younger and happier than I am now. When I last saw you, I came to you in trouble; and I come to you in trouble once more. It seems neglectful in me never to have written to you for so many years past; but my life has been a very sad one, and I thought I had no right to lay the burden of my sorrow on other shoulders than my own."

Uncle Joseph shook his head at these last words, and touched the stop of the musical box. "Mozart shall wait a little," he said, gravely, "till I have told you something. Sarah, hear what I say, and drink your tea, and own to me whether I speak the truth or not. What did I, Joseph Buschmann, tell you, when you first came to me in trouble, fourteen, fifteen, ah more! sixteen years ago, in this town, and in this same house? I said then, what I say again, now: Sarah's sorrow is my sorrow, and Sarah's joy is my joy; and if any man asks me reasons for that, I have three to give them."

He stopped to stir up his niece's tea for the second time, and to draw her attention to it, by tapping with the spoon on the edge of the cup.

"Three reasons," he resumed. "First, you are my sister's child—some of her flesh and blood, and some of mine, therefore, also. Second, my sister, my brother, and, lastly, me myself, we owe to your good English father—all. A little word that means much, and may be said again and again—all. Your father's friends cry, Fie! Agatha Buschmann is poor, Agatha Buschmann is foreign! But your father loves the poor German girl, and he marries her in spite of their Fie, Fie. Your father's friends cry Fie! again; Agatha Buschmann has a musician brother, who gabbles to us about Mozart, and who cannot make to his porridge, salt. Your father says, Good! I like his gabble; I like his playing, I shall get him people to teach; and while I have pinches of salt in my kitchen, he to his porridge shall have pinches of salt too. Your father's friends cry, Fie! for the third time. Agatha Buschmann has another brother, a little Stupid-Head, who to the other's gabble can only listen and say Amen. Send him trotting; for the love of Heaven, shut up all the doors and send Stupid-Head trotting, at least! Your father says, No! Stupid-Head has his wits in his hands; he can cut, and carve, and polish; help him a little at the starting; and, after, he shall help himself. They are all gone now but me! Your father, your mother, and uncle Max—they are all gone! Stupid-Head alone remains to remember and to be grateful, to take Sarah's sorrow for his sorrow, and Sarah's joy for his joy."

He stopped again, to blow a speck of dust off the musical box. His niece endeavoured to speak, but he held up his hand, and shook his forefinger at her warningly.

"No," he said. "It is yet my business to talk, and your business to drink tea. Have I not my third reason still? Ah! you look away from me; you know my third reason, before I say a word. When I, in my turn, marry, and my wife dies, and leaves me alone with little Joseph, and when the boy falls sick, who comes then, so quiet, so pretty, so neat, with the bright young eyes, and the hands so tender and light? Who helps me with little Joseph by night and by day? Who makes a pillow for him on her arm when his head is weary? Who holds this box patiently at his ear?—yes! this box that the hand of Mozart has touched—Who holds it closer, closer always, when little Joseph's sense grows dull, and he moans for the friendly music that he can now so hardly, hardly hear? Who kneels down by Uncle Joseph when his heart is breaking, and says, 'O, hush! hush! The boy has gone where the better music plays, where the sickness shall never waste or the sorrow touch him more!' Who? Ah, Sarah! you cannot forget those days; you cannot forget the Long Ago! When the trouble is bitter, and the burden is heavy, it is cruelty to Uncle Joseph to keep away; it is kindness to him to come here."

The recollections that the old man had called up, found their way tenderly to Sarah's heart. She could not answer him; she could only hold out her hand. Uncle Joseph bent down, with a quaint, affectionate gallantry, and kissed it; then stepped back again to his place by the musical box. "Come!" he said patting it cheerfully, "we will say no more for a while. Mozart's box, Max's box, little Joseph's box, you shall talk to us again!"

Having put the tiny machinery in motion, he sat down by the table, and remained silent until the air had been played over twice. Then, observing that his niece seemed calmer, he spoke to her once more.

"You are in trouble, Sarah," he said, quietly. "You tell me that, and I see it is true in your face. Are you grieving for your husband?"

"I grieve that I ever met him," she answered. "I grieve that I ever married him. Now that he is dead, I cannot grieve—I can only forgive him."

"Forgive him? How you look, Sarah, when you say that! Tell me——"

"Uncle Joseph! I have told you that my husband is dead, and that I have forgiven him."

"You have forgiven him? He was hard and cruel with you, then? I see; I see. That is the end, Sarah—but the beginning. Is the beginning that you loved him?"

Her pale cheeks flushed; and she turned her head aside. "It is hard and humbling to confess it," she murmured, without raising her head; "but you force the truth from me, uncle. I had no love to give to my husband—no love to give to any man."

"And yet, you married him! Wait! it is not for me to blame. It is for me to find out not the bad, but the good Yes, yes; I shall say to myself, she married him when she was poor and helpless; she married him when she should have come to Uncle Joseph, instead. I shall say that to myself, and I shall pity, but I shall ask no more."

Sarah half reached her hand out to the old man again, then suddenly pushed her chair back, and changed the position in which she was sitting. "It is true that I was poor," she said, looking about her in confusion, and speaking with difficulty. "But you are so good and so kind, I cannot accept the excuse that your forbearance makes for me. I did not marry him because I was poor, but——" She stopped, clasped her hands together, and pushed her chair back still farther from the table.

"So! so!" said the old man, noticing her confusion. "We will talk about it no more."

"I had no excuse of love; I had no excuse of poverty," she said, with a burst of bitterness and despair. "Uncle Joseph, I married him because I was too weak to persist in saying no! The curse of weakness and fear has followed me all the days of my life! I said No to him once; I said No to him twice. Oh, uncle, if I could only have said it for the third time! But he followed me, he frightened me, he took away from me all the little will of my own that I had. He made me speak as he wished me to speak and go where he wished me to go. No, no, no—don't come to me, uncle; don't say anything. He is gone; he is dead—I have got my release; I have given my pardon. Oh, if I could only go away and hide somewhere! All people's eyes seem to look through me; all people's words seem to threaten me. My heart has been weary ever since I was a young woman; and all these long, long years, it has never got any rest. Hush! the man in the shop—I forgot the man in the shop. He will hear us; let us talk in a whisper. What made me break out so? I'm always wrong. Oh me! I'm wrong when I speak; I'm wrong when I say nothing; wherever I go and whatever I do, I'm not like other people. I seem never to have grown up in my mind, since I was a little child. Hark! the man in the shop is moving—has he heard me? Oh, Uncle Joseph! do you think he has heard me?"

Looking hardly less startled than his niece, Uncle Joseph assured her that the door was solid, that the man's place in the shop was at some distance from it, and that it was impossible, even if he heard voices in the parlour, that he could also distinguish any words that were spoken in it.

"You are sure of that?" she whispered, hurriedly, "Yes, yes, you are sure of that, or you would not have told me so, would you? We may go on talking now. Not about my married life: that is buried and past. Say that I had some years of sorrow and suffering, which I deserved—say that I had other years of quiet, when I was living in service, with masters and mistresses who were often kind to me when my fellow-servants were not, say just that much about my life, and it is saying enough. The trouble that I am in now, the trouble that brings me to you, goes back further than the years we have been talking about—goes back, back, back, Uncle Joseph, to the distant day when we last met."

"Goes back all through the sixteen years!" exclaimed the old man, incredulously. "Goes back, Sarah, even to the Long Ago!"

"Even at that time. Uncle, you remember where I was living, and what happened to me, when——"

"When you came here in secret? When you asked me to hide you? That was the same week, Sarah, when your mistress died; your mistress who lived away, west, in the old house. You were frightened, then—pale and frightened as I see you now."

"As every one sees me! People are always staring at me; always thinking that I am nervous, always pitying me for being ill."

Saying these words with a sudden fretfulness, she lifted the tea cup by her side to her lips, drained it of its contents at a draught, and pushed it across the table to be filled again. "I have come all over thirsty and hot," she whispered. "More tea, Uncle Joseph—more tea."

"It is cold," said the old man. "Wait till I ask for hot water."

"No!" she exclaimed, stopping him as he was about to rise. "Give it me cold; I like it cold. Let nobody else come in—I can't speak if anybody else comes in." She drew her chair close to her uncle's, and went on: "You have not forgotten how frightened I was, in that bygone time—do you remember why I was frightened?"

"You were afraid of being followed—that was it, Sarah. I grow old, but my memory keeps young. You were afraid of your master, afraid of his sending servants after you. You had run away; you had spoken no word to anybody; and you spoke little—ah, very, very little—even to Uncle Joseph, even to me."

"I told you," said Sarah, dropping her voice to so faint a whisper that the old man could barely hear her, "I told you that my mistress had left me a secret on her death-bed—a secret in a letter which I was to give to my master. I told you I had hidden the letter, because I could not bring myself to deliver it, because I would rather die a thousand times over than be questioned about what I knew of it. I told you so much, I know. Did I tell you no more? Did I not say that my mistress made me take an oath on the Bible?—Uncle! are there candles in the room? Are there candles we can light without disturbing anybody, without calling anybody in here?"

"There are candles and a match-box in my cupboard," answered Uncle Joseph. "But look out of the window, Sarah. It is only twilight—it is not dark yet."

"Not outside; but it is dark here."

"Where?"

"In that corner. Let us have the candles. I don't like the darkness when it gathers in corners, and creeps along walls."

Uncle Joseph looked all round the room, inquiringly; and smiled to himself as he took two candles from the cupboard and lighted them. "You are like the children," he said, playfully, while he pulled down the window-blind. "You are afraid of the dark."

Sarah did not appear to hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the corner of the room which she had pointed out the moment before. When he resumed his place by her side, she never looked round, but laid her hand on his arm, and said to him suddenly:

"Uncle! Do you believe that the dead can come back to this world, and follow the living everywhere, and see what they do in it?"

The old man started. "Sarah!" he said, "why do you talk so? Why do you ask me such a question?"

"Are there lonely hours," she went on, still never looking away from the corner, still not seeming to hear him, "when you are sometimes frightened without knowing why—frightened all over in an instant, from head to foot? Tell me, uncle, have you ever felt the cold steal round and round the roots of your hair, and crawl bit by bit down your back? I have felt that even in the Summer. I have been out of doors, alone in a wide heath, in the heat and brightness of noon, and have felt as if chilly fingers were touching me—chilly, damp, softly-creeping fingers. It says in the New Testament that the dead came once out of their graves, and went into the holy city. The dead! Have they rested, rested always, rested forever, since that time?"

Uncle Joseph's simple nature recoiled in bewilderment from the dark and daring speculations to which the niece's questions led. Without saying a word, he tried to draw away the arm which she still held; but the only result of the effort was to make her tighten her grasp, and bend forward in her chair so as to look closer still into the corner of the room.

"My mistress was dying," she said, "my mistress was very near her grave, when she made me take that oath on the Bible. She made me swear never to destroy the letter; and I did not destroy it. She made me swear not to take it away with me, if I left the house; and I did not take it away. She would have made me swear for the third time, to give it to my master, but death was too quick for her—death stopped her from fastening that third oath on my conscience. But she threatened me, uncle, with the dead whiteness on her cheeks—she threatened to come to me from the other world, if I thwarted her—and I *have* thwarted her!"

She stopped, suddenly removed her hand from the old man's arm, and made a strange gesture with it towards the part of the room on which her eyes remained fixed. "Rest, rest, rest," she whispered under her breath. "Is my master alive now? Rest, till the drowned rise. Tell him the Secret when the sea gives up her dead."

"Sarah! Sarah! you are changed, you are ill, you frighten me!" cried Uncle Joseph, starting to his feet.

She turned round slowly, and looked at him with eyes void of all expression, with eyes that seemed to be staring through him vacantly at something beyond.

"Gott im Himmel! what does she see?" He looked round as the exclamation escaped him. "Sarah! what is it! Are you faint? Are you ill? Are you dreaming with your eyes open?"

He took her by both arms and shook her. At the instant when she felt the touch of his hands, she started violently and trembled all over. Their natural expression flew back into her eyes with the rapidity of a flash of light. Without saying a word, she hastily resumed her seat and began stirring the cold tea round and round in her cup, round and round so fast that the liquid overflowed into the saucer.

"Come! she gets more like herself," said Uncle Joseph, watching her.

"More like myself?" she repeated, vacantly.

"So! so!" said the old man, trying to soothe her. "You are ill—what the English call, out of sort. They are good doctors here. Wait till to-morrow, you shall have the best."

"I want no doctors. Don't speak of doctors. I can't bear them; they look at me with such curious eyes; they are always prying into me, as if they wanted to find out something. What have we been stopping for? I had so much to say; and we seem to have been stopping when we ought to have been going on. I am in grief and terror, Uncle Joseph; in grief and terror again about the Secret——"

"No more of that!" pleaded the old man. "No more to-night, at least!"

"Why not?"

"Because you will be ill again with talking about it. You will be looking into that corner, and dreaming with your eyes open. You are too ill—yes, yes, Sarah; you are too ill."

"I'm not ill! Oh, why does everybody keep telling me that I am ill? Let me talk about it uncle. I have come to talk about it; I can't rest till I have told you."

She spoke with a changing colour and an embarrassed manner, now apparently conscious for the first time that she had allowed words and actions to escape her which it would have been prudent to have restrained.

"Don't notice me again," she said with her soft voice and gentle, pleading manner. "Don't notice me if I talk or look as I ought not. I lose myself sometimes, without knowing it; and I suppose I lost myself just now. It means nothing, Uncle Joseph—nothing indeed."

Endeavouring thus to reassure the old man, she again altered the position of her chair, so as to place her back towards the part of the room to which her face had been hitherto turned.

"Well, well, it is good to hear that," said Uncle Joseph; "but speak no more about the past time, for fear you should lose yourself again. Let us hear about what is now. Yes, yes, give me my way. Leave the Long Ago to me, and take you the present time. I can go back through the sixteen years as well as you. Ah! you doubt it? Hear me tell you what happened when we last met—hear me prove myself in three words: You leave your place at the old house—you run away here—you stop in hiding with me, while your master and his servants are hunting after you—you starts off, when your road is clear, to work for your living, as far away from Cornwall as you can get—I beg and pray you to stop with me, but you are afraid of your master, and away you go. There! that is the whole story of your trouble the last time you came to this house. Leave it so; and tell me what is the cause of your trouble now."

"The past cause of my trouble, Uncle Joseph, and the present cause of my trouble are the same. The Secret——"

"What! you will go back to that?"

"I must go back to it."

"And why?"

"Because the Secret is written in a letter——"

"Yes; and what of that?"

"And the letter is in danger of being discovered. It is, uncle—it is! Sixteen years it has lain hidden—and now, after all that long time, the dreadful chance of its being dragged to light has come like a judgment. The one person in all the world who ought never to set eyes on that letter is the very person who is most likely to find it!"

"So! so! Are you very certain, Sarah? How do you know it?"

"I know it from her own lips. Chance brought us together——"

"Us? us? What do you mean by us?"

"I mean——uncle, you remember that Captain Treverton was my master when I lived at Porthgenna Tower?"

"I had forgotten his name. But, no matter—go on."

"When I left my place Miss Treverton was a little girl of five years old. She is a married woman now—so beautiful, so clever, such a sweet, youthful, happy face! And she has a child as lovely as herself. Oh, uncle, if you could see her! I would give so much if you could only see her!"

Uncle Joseph kissed his hand and shrugged his shoulders; expressing, by the first action, homage to the lady's beauty, and, by the second, resignation under the misfortune of not being able to see her. "Well, well," he said philosophically, "put this shining woman by, and let us go on."

"Her name is Frankland now," said Sarah. "A prettier name than Treverton, a much prettier name, I think. Her husband is fond of her—I am sure he is. How can he have any heart at all, and not be fond of her?"

"So! so!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, looking very much perplexed. "Good, if he is fond of her—very good. But what labyrinth are we getting into now? Wherefore all this about a husband and a wife? My word of honour, Sarah, but your explanation explains nothing—it only softens my brains!"

"I must speak of her and of Mr. Frankland, uncle. Porthgenna Tower belongs to her husband now; and they are both going to live there."

"Ah! we are getting back into the straight road at last."

"They are going to live in the very house that holds the Secret; they are going to repair that very part of it where the letter is hidden. She will go into the old rooms—I heard her say so; she will search about in them to amuse her curiosity; workmen will clear them out, and she will stand by, in her idle hours, looking on."

"But she suspects nothing of the Secret?"

"God forbid she ever should!"

"And there are many rooms in the house? And the letter in which the Secret is written is hidden in one of the many? Why should she hit on that one?"

"Because I always say the wrong thing! because I always get frightened and lose myself at the wrong time! The letter is hidden in a room called the Myrtle Room, and I was foolish enough, weak enough, crazed enough, crazed enough, to warn her against going into it."

"Ah, Sarah! Sarah! that was a mistake indeed."

"I can't tell what possessed me—I seemed to lose my senses when I heard her talking so innocently of amusing herself by searching through the old rooms, and when I thought of what she might find there. It was getting on towards night, too; the horrible darkness was gathering in the corners and creeping along the walls; and I didn't dare light the candles for fear she should see how anxious and frightened I was in my face. And when I did light them, it was worse. Oh, I don't know how I did it! I don't know why I did it! I could have torn my tongue out for saying the words, and yet I said them. Other people can think for the best; other people can act for the best; other people have had a heavy weight laid on their minds, and have not dropped under it as I have. Help me, uncle, for the sake of old times when we were happy—help me with a word of advice!"

"I will help you; I live to help you, Sarah! No, no, no—you must not look so forlorn; you must not look at me with those crying eyes. Come! I will advise this minute—but say in what; only say in what."

"Have I not told you?"

"No; you have not told me a word yet."

"I will tell you no——"

She paused, looked away distrustfully towards the door leading into the shop, listened a little, and resumed: "I am not at the end of my journey yet, Uncle Joseph—I am here on my way to Porthgenna Tower—on my way to the Myrtle Room—on my way, step by step, to the place where the letter lies hid. I dare not destroy it; I dare not remove it; but, run what risk I may, I must take it out of the Myrtle Room."

Uncle Joseph said nothing, but he shook his head despondingly.

"I must," she repeated; "before Mrs. Frankland gets to Porthgenna, I must take that letter out of the Myrtle Room. There are places in the old house where I may hide it again—places that she would never think of—places that she would never notice. Only let me get it out of the one room that she is sure to search in, and I know where to hide it from her and from every one forever."

Uncle Joseph reflected, and shook his head again—then said: "One word, Sarah; does Mrs. Frankland know which is the Myrtle Room?"

"I did my best to destroy all trace of that name when I hid the letter; I hope and believe she does not. But she may find out—remember the words I was crazed enough to speak; they will set her seeking for the Myrtle Room; they are sure to do that."

"And if she finds it? And if she sees the letter?"

"It will cause misery to innocent people; it will bring death to *me*. Don't push your chair from me, uncle! It is not shameful death I speak of. The worst injury I have done is injury to myself; the worst death I have to fear is the death that releases a worn-out spirit and cures a broken heart."

"Enough—enough so," said the old man. "I ask for no secret, Sarah, that is not yours to give. It is all dark to me—very dark, very confused. I look away from it; I look only towards you. Not with doubt, my child, but with pity, and with sorrow, too—sorrow that ever you went near that house of Porthgenna—sorrow that you are now going to it again."

"I have no choice, uncle, but to go. If every step on the road to Porthgenna took me nearer and nearer to my death, I must still tread it. Knowing what I know, I can't rest, I can't sleep—my very breath won't come freely—till I have got that letter out of the Myrtle Room. How to do it—oh, Uncle Joseph, how to do it, without being suspected, without being discovered by anybody—that is what I would almost give my life to know! You are a man; you are older and wiser than I am; no living creature ever asked you for help in vain—help *me* now! my only friend in all the world, help me a little with a word of advice!"

Uncle Joseph rose from his chair, and folded his arms resolutely, and looked his niece full in the face.

"You will go?" he said. "Cost what it may, you will go? Say, for the last time, Sarah—is it yes, or no?"

"Yes! For the last time, I say, Yes."

"Good. And you will go soon?"

"I must go to-morrow. I dare not waste a single day; hours even may be precious for anything I can tell."

"You promise me, my child, that the hiding of this secret does good, and that the finding of it will do harm?"

"If it was the last word I had to speak in this world, I would say, Yes!"

"You promise me also that you want nothing but to take the letter out of the Myrtle Room, and put it away somewhere else?"

"Nothing but that."

"And it is yours to take and yours to put? No person has a better right to touch it than you?"

"Now that my master is dead, no person."

"Good. You have given me my resolution. I have done. Sit you there, Sarah; and wonder, if you like, but say nothing." With these words, Uncle Joseph stepped lightly to the door leading into the shop, opened it, and called to the man behind the counter.

"Samuel, my friend," he said. "To-morrow I go a little ways into the country with my niece, who is this lady, here. You keep shop and take orders, and be just as careful as you always are, till I get back. If anybody comes and asks for Mr. Buschmann, say he is gone a little ways into the country, and will be back in a few days. That is all. Shut up the shop, Samuel, my friend, for the night; and go to your supper. I wish you good appetite, nice victuals, and sound sleep."

Before Samuel could thank his master the door was shut again. Before Sarah could say a word, Uncle Joseph's hand was on her lips, and Uncle Joseph's handkerchief was wiping away the tears that were now falling fast from her eyes.

"I will have no more talking, and no more crying," said the old man. "I am German, and I glory in the obstinacy of six Englishmen, all rolled into one. To-night you sleep here, to-morrow we talk again of all this. You want me to help you with a word of advice. I will help you with myself, which is better than advice, and I say no more till I fetch my pipe down from the wall there, and ask him to make me think. I smoke and think to-night—I talk and do to-morrow. And you, you go up to bed; you take Uncle Max's music-box in your hand, and you let Mozart sing the cradle-song before you go to sleep. Yes, yes, my child, there is always comfort in Mozart—better comfort than in crying. Why cry so much? What is there to cry about, or to thank about? Is it so great a wonder that I will not let my sister's child go alone to make a venture in the dark? I said Sarah's sorrow was my sorrow, and Sarah's joy my joy; and now, if there is no way of escape—if it must indeed be done—I also say: Sarah's risk to-morrow is Uncle Joseph's risk to-morrow, too!"

For The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

THE mellow sunshine from each beaker down
Flows wide and golden over these warm swells,
And on their bare and quiet woods of brown;
And over all, and in the distant dells,
The blue haze broods in silence. Wandering here,
In the deep stillness of this April day,
Sweet flower, once more,
I find thee trailing all thy rosy bells
Among the pale-brown leaves of the last year.

Yet once again, now, in this genial time,
I feel the warm air play
Over my brow, as it was wont of yore;—
It lingers for its gift of fragrance near,
Then glides away,—
Seeming a truant from some sunnier clime
That on us wide hath oped its golden door.

Of all thy sisters of the meadows far,
Widening out under the mellow sun,
Or in the woods and fields that dwellers are,
There is not one,—
Not e'en the low and downy wind-flower blue,—
That overjoys the heart with beauty more,
Or sends a sweeter thrill the spirit through
Than thou. Thy name doth even unto me
Bring thoughts of early beauty silently,—
Of the sweet Spring-time, when, the Winter past,
The flowers unfold at last.

HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

In New York, a black man may be a minister of religion—nay, he may be a Doctor of Divinity—but he is not allowed to enter an omnibus. In Philadelphia, the prohibition is stronger still—a black man may not *drive* an omnibus.

——It is curious to learn that in the common fly we have a creature just half way between the smallest and the largest animal known. The smallest is the Twilight Monad, and the largest is the Rorqual, which is about one hundred feet in length.

——Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is just published in England, and report speaks highly of its great interest and admirable execution. The admirers of Miss Brontë will also be glad to learn that a posthumous novel of hers will soon be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

——Wax candles are said to have been first used on the altars in Welsh churches; and the following passage from an ancient Welsh law is curious, as affording a somewhat ingenious and logical argument for their use: "Bees derive their origin from Paradise; and because of the sin of man did they come from thence, and God conferred on them his blessing; and therefore mass cannot be chanted without their wax!"

——A strange book, entitled "The Shakspeare Problem Solved," is just passing through the press. The author, a Miss Bacon, from American believes that Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh were the real writers of Shakspeare's plays, and that Shakspeare was only stage-manager and actor. Nathaniel Hawthorne has promised to present the fair author to the public in a preface, but he by no means vouches for all her assertions.

——A MULE FIFTY-NINE YEARS OLD.—There is a mule in possession of a farmer residing near Ballinglass, Ireland, which has been employed in the transit of ammunition, etc., to Vinegar Hill since 1789. There is a saying at the South that a white mule lives longer than any other mule. Some years ago it was reported that one of that colour on Col. Middleton's estate, in South Carolina, was rising of eighty years old, and still at work.—*Medical World.*

——A curious question has just been started by our recondite friend *Notes and Queries:* Was St. Paul on horseback at the time of his conversion? and what authority had the old painters for invariably depicting him as falling from his horse? We suspect many popular conceptions of Bible facts are due to the painter and the poet. Certainly Milton is answerable for much, and "Paradise Lost" mingles strangely with our memories of the first chapter of Genesis, where, by the way, Satan (or the Devil) is never once mentioned.

——HEAVENLY ORIGIN OF CHIT-CHAT.—Naturally, however, women talk more than men. The learned Buxtorf informs us, in his Hebrew Lexicon, that the primeval name, Eve, is derived from a root signifying Talk; and it was perhaps from a dim idea of this kind that the Rabbins owed their tradition that twelve baskets of chit-chat—it could not be gossip, for there were no neighbours to gossip about—were rained down into Paradise for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with; of which twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine.—*Elizabeth Strutt.*

——Some few years ago (says the *Examiner*) a member of Parliament and a great philosopher was seized with an alarm about the supply of fuel, like that of Mr. Disraeli about the ways and means, and after a careful inquiry into the extent of the coal fields, and guaging their capabilities, he came to the frightful conclusion that they would be exhausted in the year 5,000. He forthwith left off fires. The sad consequence of this long-sighted prudence was that he starved himself into such wretched condition as to disable him for any exertion, and he disappeared from public life. The year 5,000, with its necessities, was fatal to him.

——COUNTING THE COST.—During the shooting season, two English gentlemen, who had come down for a few days' sport on Lounduon Moor, lodged with a decent laird who owns a portion of that heathery domain. The Southrons had but indifferent success, and on going away they began in a jocular manner to calculate what their birds had cost them. "What do you think, laird, those birds cost us?" "I hae no idea," said the laird, "but what do ye say yersel?" "Why, little short of a guinea a-piece." The grave features of the laird relaxed into a smile as he remarked, "Weel, gentlemen, I think ye may be very glad ye gat nae mair o' them!"—*Scotch Paper.*

——CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—A lady visiting the Coalbathfield jail saw the prisoners at work on the treadwheel. She said to the governor, "Ah! there they go—tread, tread—climb, climb! Poor things! Be kind to them, Mr. Chesterton, and don't work them too hard." Some time afterward a dog was stolen from the lady's house, the thief was convicted, and on her second visit to the prison he was on the tread-wheel. "Ah! there they go—tread, tread—climb, climb!" she exclaimed as before; and then suddenly assuming the wildest energy, she continued with outstretched arm and clinched hand, "Work them to death! I don't care what you do to them, now they've got my dog!"—*Chesterton's Memoirs.*

——PEOPLE WHO LIVE WITHOUT WATER.—The day before we reached the Orange River we fell in with a kraal of Hottentots, whom, to our great surprise, we found living in a locality altogether destitute of water. The milk of their cows and goats supplied its place. Their cattle, moreover, never obtained water, but found a substitute in a kind of ice-plant (*mesembryanthemum*), of an exceedingly succulent nature, which abounds in these regions. But our own oxen, not accustomed to such diet, would rarely or never touch it. Until I had actually convinced myself, as I had often the opportunity of doing, at an after period, that men and beasts could live entirely without water, I should, perhaps, have had some difficulty in realizing this singular fact.—*Anderson's "Four Years' Wandering in South-west Africa."*

——DEATH OF DR. JOHNSON.—"Burke parted from him with deep emotion. Windham sat much in the sick room, arranged the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch at night by the bed. Frances Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand within his own. When at length the moment, dreaded through so many years, came close—the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which is beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God and the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid a week later in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian—Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior and Addison."—*Macaulay's Life.*

——Dr. Johnson, speaking of Chatterton six years after his death said, "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge;" and almost every notable man in our literature since has indorsed his statement. Coleridge, besides celebrating him in verse, has called him in deliberate prose "the most extraordinary young man that ever appeared in this country." Who is there that does not repeat the lines about

Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride?

or who does not know that, with all our young poets since Keats, if not before Keats, it has been the custom in their solitude

To sit and rhyme and think of Chatterton?

Now, according to Dr. Maitland, who has just published a pamphlet on the subject, all this has been a delusion. Chatterton was no such thing or person. In the interest of truth it is necessary that there should be no more of this misdirected enthusiasm; and the city of Bristol ought to know that, in producing Chatterton, she produced nothing more than a juvenile scamp whose very ordinary endowments have been magnified by peculiar circumstances!

——RALEIGH'S HISTORY.—Raleigh's History of the World was composed during his imprisonment in the Tower. Only a small portion of the work was published, owing to the following singular circumstance. One afternoon, looking though his window into one of the courts of the Tower, Sir Walter saw two men quarrel, when one actually murdered the other; and shortly after two gentlemen, friends to Sir Walter, coming into his room, after expressing what had happened, they disagreed in their manner of relating the story; and Sir Walter, who had seen it himself, concurred that neither was accurate, but related it with another variation.

The three eye-witnesses disagreeing about an act so recently committed, put Sir Walter in a rage, when he took up the volumes of manuscript which lay by, containing his History of the World, and threw them on a large fire that was in the room, exclaiming that "it was not for him to write the history of the world, if he could not relate what he saw a quarter of an hour before." One of his friends saved two of the volumes from the flames, but the rest were consumed. The world laments that so strange an accident should have mutilated the work of so extraordinary a man.—*Granger's Wonderful Magazine.*

——"WE ARE SEVEN."—This popular poem by Wordsworth, was composed, says the author, while walking in the grove at Alfoxden. My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate that while walking to and fro, I composed the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. When it was all but finished, I came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my sister, and said, "A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task were finished." I mentioned in substance what I wished to express, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus:

"A little child dear brother Jem,"

I objected to the rhyme, "dear brother Jem," as being ludicrous, but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching in our friend, James T——'s name, who was familiarly called Jem. He was the brother of the dramatist, and this reminds me of an anecdote which may be worth while here to notice. The said Jem got a sight of the "Lyrical Ballads," as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said, "Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous." I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said "It is called 'We are seven.'" Nay! said I, that shall take its chance, however, and be left me in despair.

——M. Michelet, *the* Michelet, has just published a book about birds. Here is a passage in which he is speaking of the egg and the maternal care of the hen-bird: "Let us take the egg in